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MARCH 1968 NUMBER 67

"THE MAGAZINE THAT STARTED FOLKS LAUGHING AGAIN"

# CRACKED

ROBERT C. SPROUL *publisher and editor*
CHARLES FOSTER *production*
JOHN SEVERIN, CHARLIE RODRIGUES, DON OREHEK, JOHNNY LANGTON, BILL McCARTNEY, LUGOZE, TONY TALLARICO, CARACU *artists*
GEORGE GLADIR, WARD DENNY, JOE KIERNAN, ARNOLD SANDERS, ART POTTIER *writers*
ARLENE NEWMAN *proopreader*
SYLVESTER P. SMYTHE *janitor*

## CONTENTS

**THE ESTABLISHMENT GOES HIPPY** ..... 6
Hilarious happenings in squaresville!
**CELEBRITY CHRISTMAS WREATHS** ..... 36
Specialized symbols of the joyous season
**CRACKED CURRENT EVENTS TEST** ..... 24
Hey, whatta ya know?
**BLECH HAIR AD** ..... 19
Support our (Ecch!) advertisers!
**THE GROWING COMPLEXITY OF PRO FOOTBALL** ..... 38
A satirical look at a popular sport
**ARE YOU AN OPTIMIST?** ..... 26
. . . Or does an ill wind blow your mind?
**ANNIE GET YOUR SPACESUIT** ..... 11
A way-out musical extravaganza
**GO OCEAN** ..... 5
Transatlantic fun and joy!
**SHUT-UPS** ..... 42
A sure cure for the blues
**LAUREL AND HARDY FUN-O-RAMA** ..... 20
The masters of comedy are at it again!
**OUTDOOR ART EXHIBIT** ..... 22
A report on the culture explosion
**THE BIRTHDAY GIFT** ..... 33
Laugh time in toyland
**LETTERS PAGE** ..... 4
Where you get your name in print
**AT THE BARBER SHOP** ..... 10
Don't lose your head over this one!
**CRACKED RIDES WEST!** ..... 34
A laugh roundup!
**MUSICAL STRAINS FOR BRAINS** ..... 30
Madison Ave. mood music to influence you by

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## WHAT'S UP FRONT—Our Cover

SYLVESTER once again shows his athletic prowess by donning skis and speeding swiftly down a ski run. WATCH IT! YOU'RE GOING TO HIT THAT TREE! Whew! It could only happen to SYLVESTER. Talk about a split personality! Now he's interested in sky diving. Watch for his experiences in a future issue.

ESTABLISHMENT GOES HIPPY

CRACKED CURRENT EVENTS TEST

COMPLEXITY OF PRO FOOTBALL

ANNIE GET YOUR SPACESUIT

GO OCEAN

SHUT-UPS!

BIRTHDAY GIFT

OUTDOOR ART EXHIBIT

# LETTERS

Dear Kooks:

Are your artists and writers for real?

Meyer Ruiz
No. Hollywood, Calif.

**Most of them are, but we think three of them were made in Japan.**

Dear CRACKED:

This letter is to let you nuts know that everybody in my family thinks CRACKED is the greatest thing since sliced bread. Your November issue had the koolest humor ever published. The junk you did on L.B.J. and Bobby Kennedy in "The Lone Rancher" had us in stitches. Also, "Ploys Against Noise" was full of fun. Keep CRACKED rolling, and I'm sure it'll soon be number one in sales all over the world. Say hello to Sylvester P. Smythe for me.

Jerry Dunaway
Portsmouth, Va.

**It's people like you, Jerry, who make us try harder . . . to be funnier. Thanks for the letter!**

Dear Mirth-Makers:

Where can I get my arm tattooed with the design of the dancer that appeared in the November issue of CRACKED in the story, "Modern Tattoo Designs"? The girl looks like a real swinger. I was a sailor in the U.S. Navy for 10 years, and have a vacant spot on my left arm that would be just right for her.

Larry Hallburton
Detroit, Mich.

**Sorry, but we can't help you. Have you tried asking Popeye?**

Dear Clod Cut-Ups:

You people at CRACKED have to be insane. The stories and drawings are the craziest things ever published. Where do you get your ideas? From a nut factory?

Barbara Adams
Brooklyn, N.Y.

**Some of the ideas come from a nut factory, and some come from reading the "Congressional Record."**

Dear Sirs:

While walking my dog last week, I passed our local candy store and went in to buy some gum. I spotted the magazine rack, and the magazine that struck my eye was CRACKED, so I bought it. After reading CRACKED, all I have to say is that it's more fun than a barrel of monkeys. I never laughed so much in all my life. I especially flipped over "Pow U.," "Sunday Night Rating Battle" and "Shut-Ups!" Enclosed find my two dollars for a subscription.

Lois Pelcarsky
Cleveland, Ohio

**Glad to have you with us! When you see your mailman walking up your street, laughing, you'll know your first copy of CRACKED is on its way!**

Dear CRACKED:

Do me a favor; please have them put a CRACKED show on TV! Use all the material in past issues, and I'm sure the program would be a big, fat hit. I think it'd be bigger than the Smothers Brothers and Dean Martin Shows.

Ron Hogan
San Diego, Calif.

**We're working on it right now. Yesterday, we rented a camera and make-up kit that was once used by Walter Cronkite.**


# JOIN THE FUN REBELLION!

Throw off the chains of sadness and get in with the laugh crowd. Subscribe to CRACKED Magazine, and you'll have many months of big, swinging smiles. Just send us $2.00, and we'll mail you eight, fun-filled issues of CRACKED. When you read CRACKED, you'll have the world on a smile string!

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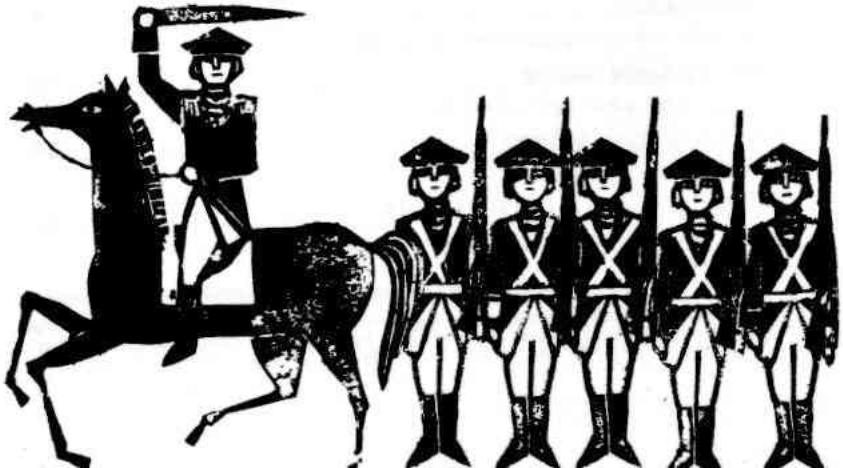

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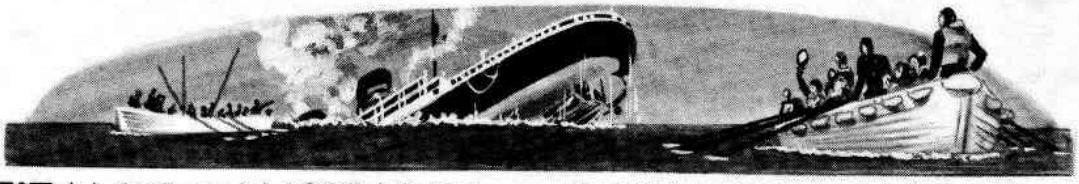

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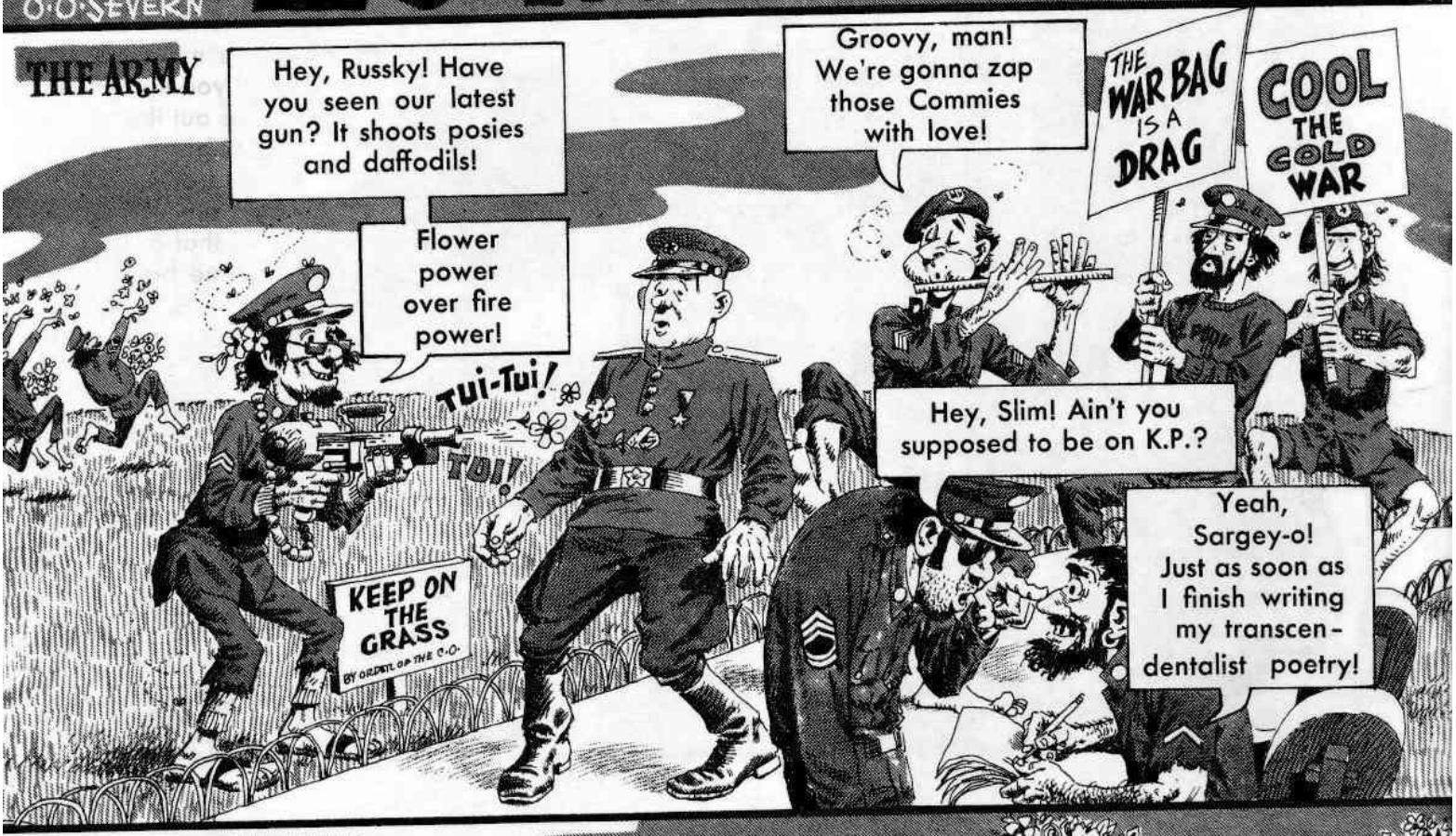
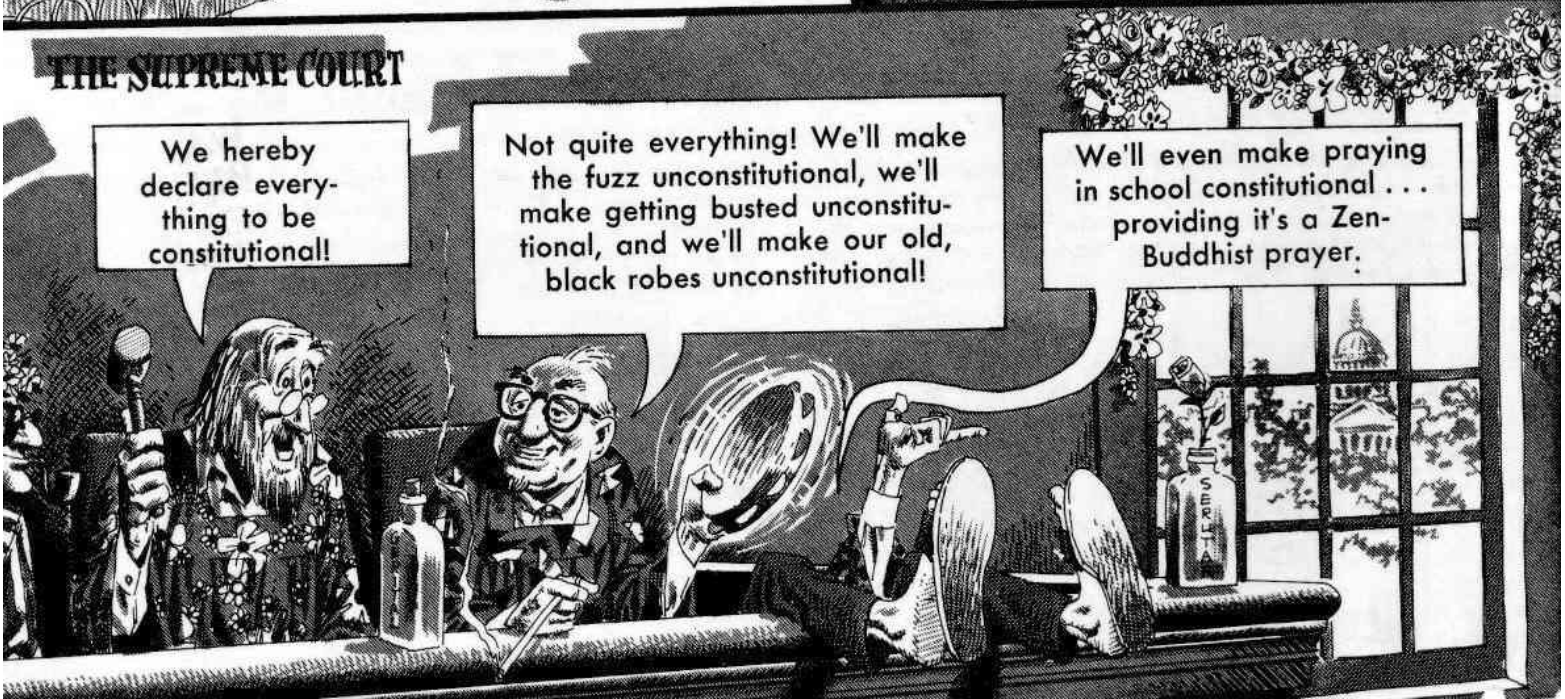
**WHEN THE COUNTRY GOES TO POT IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE SECTION:**

Dr. Leary, the high priest of the hippy cult, beckons the world to tune in, turn on and drop out. CRACKED takes you to that hippy, happy day when the power structure is no longer leery of Leary, to that day when we pay our income taxes by chanting a few mantras, to that day when . . .

# The ESTABLISHMENT

O·O·SEVERN



# GOES HIPPY

## SCHOOL

HELP FIGHT JUVENILE!

You're a new teacher here at Hippy High, so let me clue you in on the scene. There's no homework here, no tests, no attendance records and no report cards! This helps eliminate the anxiety barrier!

But don't you have any kind of restrictions at all?

Only one! Nobody is allowed to smoke conventional-type cigarettes!

Oh, and another thing . . . You'd better not report for work until you've grown at least six more inches of hair!

PRINCIPAL J. BLOSSOM

## PHONE COMPANY

When you hear the tambourine dial tone, it will be the correct time to blow your mind . . . And as for you hard-core squares out there who are uptight on a different kind of time, isn't it high time you got out of that old A.M.-P.M. time bag?

## UNIONS

Man! You're making my cats work under insufferable conditions! How can they do their gig when there's no ear-splitting rock 'n' roll in the background or flashing strobe lights?

And another thing . . . This 9 to 5 jazz is out! From now on, my cats groove into your factory and split whenever they want to.

MORE

WE WANT EXPRESSO IN ALLA WATER COOLERS

WE WANT POT BREAKS

THE MACHINES ARE TURNED ON WHY SHOULDN'T THE WORKERS BE?

NOW! NOW! NOW!

WE WANT ON THE JOB WITHDRAWAL AND MORE PAY

TEAMSTERS UNION

## SUPER HEROES

I've a few questions to ask you, Superguy!

Nix with that "Superguy" monicker. That was my old, square tag. My friends now call me "Superguru!"

I see you still use a phone booth for changing into your costume.

No, this is my pad now! I share it with six other mind-tripping hippies!

(Sniff! Sniff!) What's that foul odor?

You're probably referring to my costume. I haven't taken it off since I've dropped out of straight society.

Don't you take a bath anymore?

Only in the Ganges, man!

What about villains? You still pursue them, don't you?

Man! I've gotten over that square hang-up of helping out the fuzz. Now I do meaningful, creative work . . . Like, I make psychedelic rugs out of old matchbook covers.

Don't you miss doing your old superstunts like jumping over the Empire State Building?

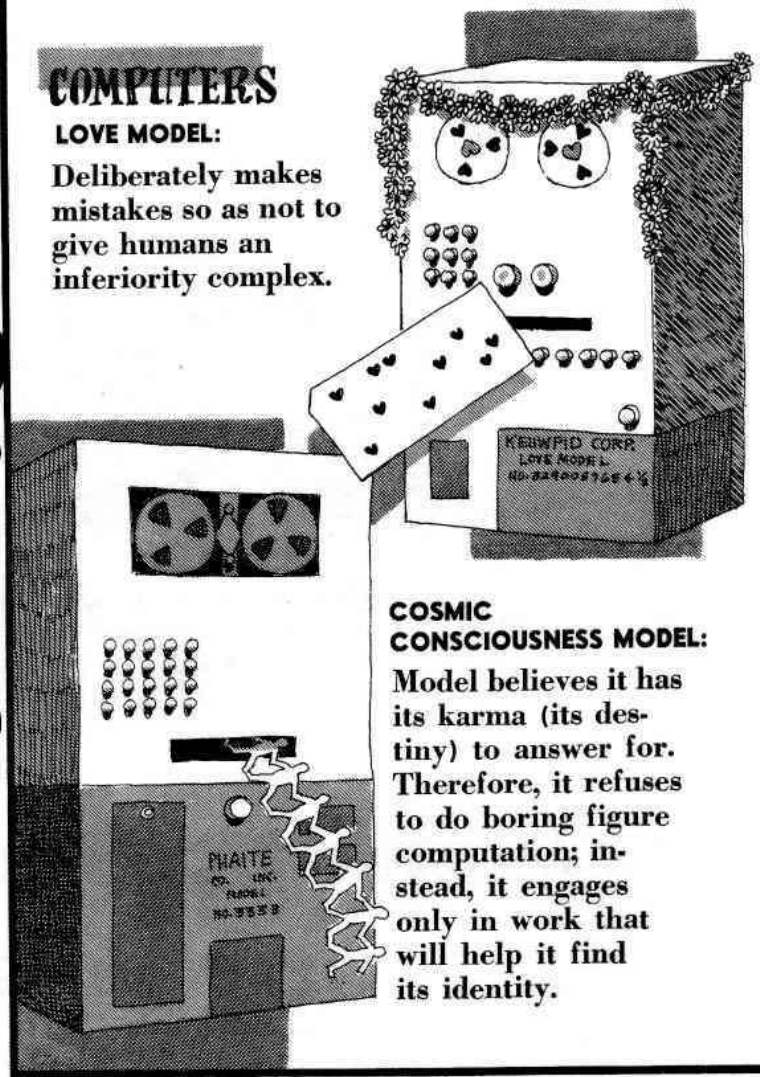
Heck, no! When we hippies get stoned, we go much higher than that!

PRESS

## COMPUTERS

**LOVE MODEL:**

**Deliberately makes mistakes so as not to give humans an inferiority complex.**




**COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS MODEL:**

**Model believes it has its karma (its destiny) to answer for. Therefore, it refuses to do boring figure computation; instead, it engages only in work that will help it find its identity.**

## POLITICS

IN YOUR MIND YOU KNOW HE'S WAY-OUT

FREAK-OUT PARTY
(FORMERLY THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY)
PLATFORM
- INTENSIFICATION OF THE NATION'S SPACE PROGRAM
  ,,, INNER SPACE WORLD OF PSYCHEDELIA, THAT IS!
- UNCIVIL RIGHTS
  ,,, EVERYONE SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO DO "HIS THING"!

YMCA

UP, UP AND AWAY WITH THE BALOON PARTY
(FORMERLY THE REPUBLICAN PARTY)
- GUARANTEED WAGE TO EVERYONE
  ,,, EVEN IF THEY WORK
- MORE SUMMIT MEETINGS
  ,,, THE HIGHER WE GET, THE BETTER, MAN

## MADISON AVE. & INDUSTRY

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***. . . DRAG SOAP IS THE ONLY SOAP THAT'S CHEMICALLY TREATED TO MAKE YOU SMELL WORSE THAN BEFORE YOU BATHED!***

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THE ONLY MODEL THAT CAN SLEEP
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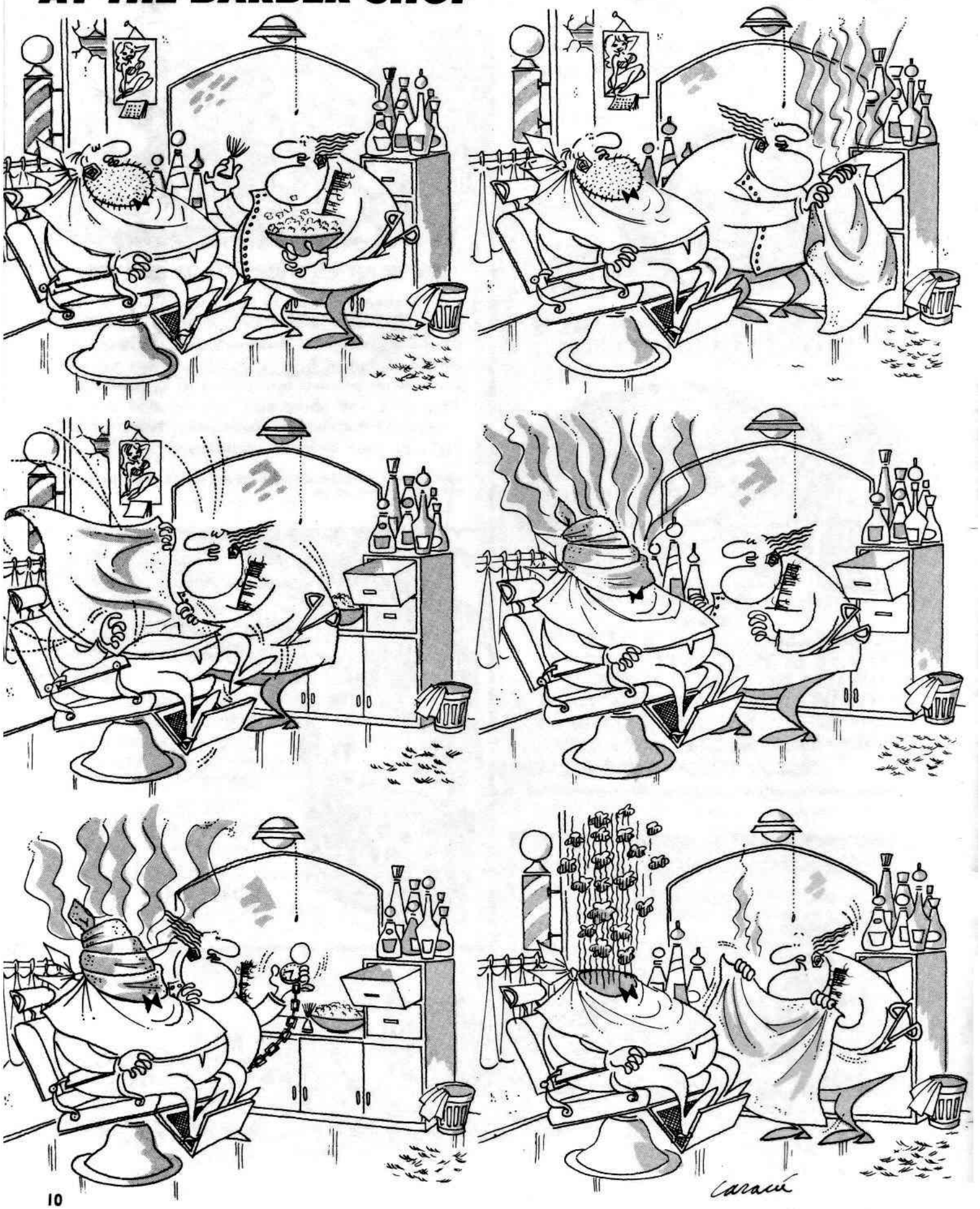
*GUARANTEED TO LAST 10 YEARS IF NOT USED BY MORE THAN TWO SHIFTS A DAY.

# AT THE BARBER SHOP



One of the favorite musical comedies of all time is undoubtedly, "Annie Get Your Gun." The heroine was a girl named Annie Oakley, and the whole thing took place nearly 100 years ago . . . Well, we here at CRACKED thought it would be interesting to update this musical to this modern age of space exploration. Frankly, the show was perfect just the way it was, and it didn't need our messing around . . . But, anyway, here we go with . . .

*What could be better than to send a Russian and an American to the Moon together, or better yet, a Russian man and an American woman? (Khrushchev commenting on an American proposal for a joint Soviet - American Moon flight, at a press conference in 1963.)*

# ANNIE GET YOUR SPACESUIT

ARTIST: LUGOZE WRITER: ART POTTIER

THE SCENE: THE OFFICE OF SAMMY SCHWARTZ, MOVIE AGENT. WITH HIM, ACTRESS ANNIE ZSA-ZSO.

It's no use, Annie, baby. I just can't get you a part!

It isn't that, Annie. In fact, they just called me for a part in a new movie, "The Adam Clayton Powell Story."

Fat chance. You hardly look like him. Let's face it, Annie, what you need is a *comeback*. We gotta think of a *publicity stunt* . . . Something that'll put you back on the headlines . . . Hmmm, let's think . . .

Vat's wrong with Hollyvood, dolling? Aren't they making movies anymore?

Vunderful, dolling! I'll grab it!

*You* think, Sammy. In the meantime, I'm going to look for a job. Let me see . . . Say, look at this!

THIS IS VUNDERFUL, DOLLING!

What is it? What is it?

Listen!

THE NEW YORK TIMES

HELP WANTED, FEMALE
NASA has opening for amb. gal to become America's first space woman. Must trvl. Excel opty to go far and meet new people. Over-time (after 100 orbits). Apply immed. Mr. Von Braun, Cape Kenn, Fla.

Annie! Come back here! Y-you can't be serious! That job is not for you!

Can't you see the fabulous publicity I could get from this?

Why can't you make it a *plain, simple comeback* like others? No, you gotta go and do it *the hard way!* Annie, come back! That's dangerous!

I can see already the headlines: "ACTRESS ANNIE ZSA-ZSO IN ORBIT!" Oh, Sammy, ven I come back from space, ve'll be flooded vith movie offers! All Hollywood vill be at my feet!

**AT NASA . . .**

Let me warn you, girls. The job you have applied for is not an easy one. Besides all the many hardships of space, the girl that we choose will have to adjust herself to even greater sacrifices, like for instance: no *nagging* if we are late with launchings. No *rearranging* of the equipment inside the spacecraft . . . And the spacesuit positively does not come in a *miniskirt model!*

***The girl that we choose to send into space,***
***May have to be in orbit for many days.***
***The girl that's our choice,***
***Must get used to the fuel smell and the noise.***
***The spacesuit might not look so feminine;***
***No room for wigs, falsies, or bobby pins.***
***She'll be facing many a hurdle,***
***And the capsule is tight as a girdle.***
***A she-Davy Crocket***
***That rides in a rocket***
***She'll be.***

AAHH! EECC! OOHH!

**Sung to the tune of "THE GIRL THAT I MARRY."**

**AFTER WEEKS OF THOROUGH TRAINING . . .**

All right, girls. This is the day you have all been waiting for . . . When *one* of you will be picked in the . . .

**PRE-FLIGHT PHYSICAL EXAMINATION . . .**

JUDGES

I have to think of something to attract the judges' attention to me . . . I got it! I'll improvise a *sure-fire, little number!*

***Who will you choose,***
***I hope?***
***Who will you pick,***
***I hope?***
***Who is it going to be?***
***I hope,***
***I hope, I hope it's me!***

WOW! TAKE IT OFF! ZOWIE!

JUDGES

**Sung to the tune of "WHO DO YOU LOVE, I HOPE?"**

You're our girl, Annie! Prepare yourself for one of the greatest experiences you'll ever witness!

The view from up there is magnificent! The sun, flashing majestically like a white jewel set against the black of the spacescape . . . Then the Moon, pouring a pale flood of silver amid the endless horizon. Say! That isn't bad!

Just imagine, Annie, you can do 25,000 miles an hour, and nobody to give you a *ticket for speeding.*

Up there, you really feel *on top of the world!* And, oh, that feeling of *weightlessness!* Believe me, Annie, *it's the only way to travel!*

Just try to land smack on target so you don't have to wait so many hours to be rescued . . . Like what happened to me.

Excuse me, fellows. I must call my agent now. Besides, I think your wives want you for something or other.

TELEPHONE

I *saw* you leering at her!

You're not going with her in any flights, and that's for sure!

Sammy dolling, I'm so happy! I'm, going to be America's first voman astronaut!

Look, Annie. That's dangerous! Be sensible. Let me arrange it and I'll send your *double* instead.

Oh no, Sammy. Those beautiful astronauts vere just telling me vat a vunderful experience this should be.

***They say that floating above,***
***It's vunderful! It's vunderful!***
***So they say.***
***And vith the earth down below,***
***It's vunderful! It's vunderful!***
***So they brief me.***
***. . . 5 . . . 4 . . . 3 . . . 2 . . . 1 . . . IGNITION!***
***And you're off for vorld recognition!***
***You're in orbit and then you shout:***
***"All sys-tems are go!"***
***Though,***
***You better not overshoot***
***Your landing spot,***
***Tells me Scott,***
***Or else you get***
***Lost . . . and vet.***

**Sung to the tune of "THEY SAY IT'S WONDERFUL!"**

**THEN THE BIG DAY ARRIVES . . .**

# .9..8..7..6..5..4..3..2..1 IGNITION! LIFT-OFF!

1...2...3...4...5...6...7...8...9...OUT!

Now, remember, Annie. Your food will consist of these tubes and pills.

My hamburger pill doesn't look medium-rare like I ordered it.

No, Annie! We cannot paint the rocket pink!

Where are you going with those curtains and stuff?

I'm redecorating the capsule my way, or I don't go!

You mean this spacesuit cost $25,000? Who designed it? St. Laurent?

Are you sure this is not the same *model* that the Russian girl cosmonaut wore?

Fuel, suit temperature, retro-rockets, oxygen . . . All systems are A-OK except for one thing.

What's that?

You forgot my pickle pill.

Wait! I forgot my Travellers checks!

**AFTER TWO WEEKS IN ORBIT . . .**

Control center? Everything is *go-go* for at least 1,000 orbits.

That means, then, that you'll be able to set a fantastic, new record in orbital flights. Now we'll really jump ahead of the Russians! But are you sure you can take the strain, Annie?

I never felt better in my life! This is a beautiful *scene* . . . No *phony props.* No *artificial lighting.* Everything is real. On *location.* And this time, I'm *co-starring* with *real stars* . . . Which is a nice, little introduction for my next number!

***Got no offers. Got no roles.***
***Still I'm happy, behind controls.***
***I see the Sun and the Moon***
***Seventeen times a day!***

SUNTAN LOTION

MOONTAN LOTION

***She sees the Sun and the Moon***
***Seventeen times a day!***

**Sung to the tune of "I GOT THE SUN IN THE MORNING!"**

***Got no name on the marquees,***
***But in orbit I feel at ease.***
***I see the Sun and the Moon***
***Seventeen times a day!***

***She sees the Sun and the Moon***
***Seventeen times a day!***

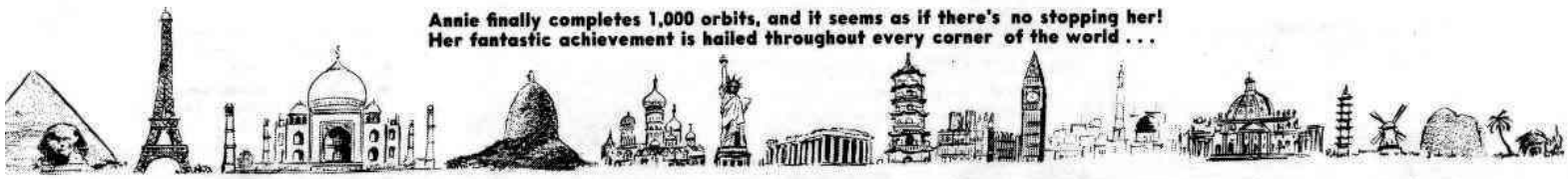
***Feeling veightless, is magical.***

***Miss the studios. Miss the set.***
***Still I'm happier vith vat I get.***
***I get the Sun and the Moon***
***Seventeen times a day.***

***She sees the Sun and the Moon***
***Seventeen times a day.***

***Only one thing lacks this mission,***
***To be a happy expedition,***

**Annie finally completes 1,000 orbits, and it seems as if there's no stopping her! Her fantastic achievement is hailed throughout every corner of the world . . .**



**WELL, NOT QUITE IN EVERY CORNER . . .**

This is a serious propaganda defeat for us! We must think of something.

Hmmm . . . When it comes to propaganda, there's just one man who can help us.

You mean . . .

Yes. The same.

HOT LINE

Well, I see that you amateurs finally admit that you can't do without me! When it comes to dealing with capitalists, you gotta be tough! Hear? TOUGH! There's only one way to upset their victory . . . Send "Mission-X!"

"Mission-X?" Now?

Mission-X would make the American space flight look like a walk around the block. And if we want to retain our lead in space, the moment to do it is NOW!

But, Nikita, Mission-X is not really quite ready yet!

It might . . . It might even be dangerous to send someone into . . . I mean, who could we send?

We must take a chance!

Never mind *dangerous*, you softies! Go find somebody! You understand?

Nikita talks rude, like a good Red should!

Somebody has to go! SOMEBODY HAS TO GO!

I got a BIIIIIIIG mouth! . . . That must be the American space woman.

Greetings, Annie. This is Nikita. On behalf of the Russian people and myself, congratulations on your magnificent feat.

Vy, thanks, you flatterer you! I have been complimented about my many other beautiful charms, but never, never . . .

USA

I meant your accomplishment, not your feet. Well, you are probably wondering what I am doing here.

Don't tell me! Let me guess. You're gonna sing your big number "DOIN' VAT COMES NAT'RALLY."

Uh-uh.

I get it! "MY DEFENSES ARE DOWN!"

Uh-uh.

Would you believe, "I'M A BAD, BAD MAN?"

Wrong again.

All right, already. I give up.

USA

CCCP

Actually, I don't get to sing any solos in this musical. I'm here on a mission to retain our superiority over you.

Superiority, haw! Don't make me laugh, or I'll swallow too much oxygen!

*We* sent the first Sputnik!

So, vat? *Ve* sent Telstar!

Our *deterrents* are better than yours!

Ours are much better! They come in all sizes; they bring free gifts inside; they vash viter; and they keep getting NEWER and NEWER all the time. So there!

AIR MAIL

Never mind your *detergents.* I meant missiles! We have lots of 'em!

So vat? Ve have lots of *anti-missiles!*

Just a big waste! We're working right now on the *anti-anti-missile-missile!*

Save yourself the trouble. Ve're already finishing the anti-anti-anti-missile-missile-missile!

What for? By then, we'll have already the *anti-anti* . . . Oh, let's cut it out! Listen . . .

CCCP

USA

***Anything you can do, I can do better.***

***Ve can do anything, better than you!***

***Nyet, you can't!***

***Nyet, you can't!***

***Nyet, you can't!***

***Yes, ve can!***

***Yes, ve can!***

***Yes, ve can! YES, VE CAN!***

***We have more culture, And the Bolshoi bal-let!***

***Lousy agriculture Put you in a dead alley.***

***Wait and see, We'll bury you!***

***Bury us?***

***Yes!***

***That sure sounds Like Bolshoi to me!***

***Sooner or later, the world will be ours!***

***If that day comes, who'll supply you vit veat?***

***Never mind!***

***Never mind!***

***Never mind!***

***Tell me who!***

***Tell me who!***

***Tell me who! TELL ME WHO!***

***Look at all the countries ve've helped develop!***

***Look at the signs that read, "Yanki go home!"***

***It's not so!***

***It's not so!***

***It's not so!***

***Can't you read?***

***Can't you read?***

***Can't you read? CAN'T YOU READ?***

***All that I know is the space race you're losing!***

***I'll bet you any money in that race you'll place!***

***No, ve von't!***

***No, ve von't!***

***No, ve von't!***

***Yes, you will!***

***Yes, you will!***

***Yes, you will! YES, YOU WILL!***

**Sung to the tune of "ANYTHING YOU CAN DO . . ."**

Oh yes you will! See that spacecraft we just launched? Well, that's the *rendezvous stage* of my mission. I'm supposed to dock into it, re-check all systems, and then . . . And then, my dear girl, you'll have the privilege of witnessing the first manned *Moon-shot!*

*Moon-shot?*

That's right!

USA

CCCP

OK! Let's get with the countdown . . . Now we'll really be ahead of you in space . . . Ahead by a long shot, if you know what I mean. Ho, ho!

That's a tough break! All those years put into research and exploration so *ve* could be the first . . . To think that it vas all for nothing!

STOP

1...2...3...4...5...
6...7...8...9...10!

I wasn't doing any countdown! I was counting 'til ten before blowing my top! Damnsky! Damnsky!

No! Systems are not *go* . . . They're *gone!*

Say! You're doing it the wrong vay. It goes . . .

Vat is it? Aren't all systems go?

Vat do you mean?

Exactly that . . . GONE! It seems like they didn't have enough time to tighten the nuts and bolts (Sob!), and everything broke loose! Even the fuel is gone!

All I can do is keep orbiting until the next lunar launching, and (Sob!) that one is not scheduled until 1974 . . . So, I guess I'll just have to (Sob!) *hang around!* Boo-hoo-hoo!

Vat vill you do now?

So, you need new systems and fuel?

Look, Nikita. I have an idea. Vat do you say ve dock *my* capsule into *your* spacecraft and make this a *joint American and Russian expedition to the Moon?*

If you feel that vay about it, good-bye then. I'll see you around! And around . . . and around . . .

Go to the Moon with you? NEVER! We'll do it alone or we'll never do it!

No, no, Annie! Don't leave me here! I'll do anything you say, but don't leave me here!

**THE DELICATE MANEUVER IS COMPLETED, AND FINALLY THEY'RE OFF TO THE MOON.**

Let's prepare for the landing. We're now 200 miles from the Moon.

Oh, just to think ve'll soon discover the many mysteries of the Moon . . . Is there life on it? Vat is it made of?

Look! It's full of people!

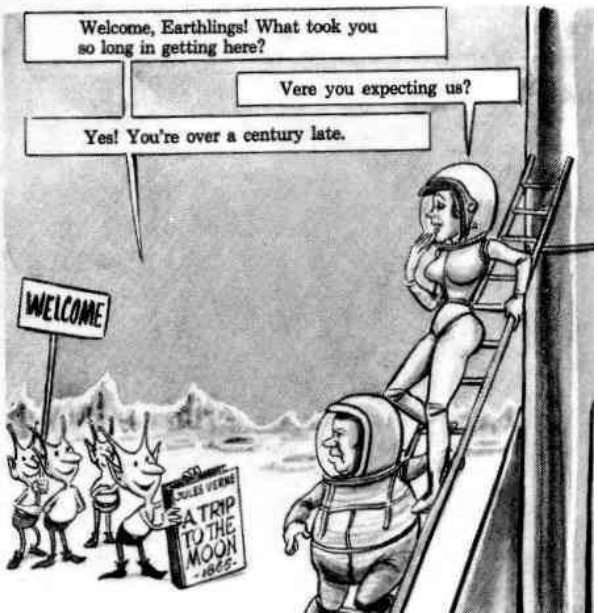
What are you so surprised about? Didn't you ever see a *full Moon?* Ho, ho, ho!

Please, Nikita. No more corny jokes like that, or they'll throw us out of here!

Welcome, Earthlings! What took you so long in getting here?

Vere you expecting us?

Yes! You're over a century late.



One thing has always puzzled us, though . . . *Why* do you want to come here in the first place?

Why do we want to come here? Well, that's very simple! Right, Annie?

Right! Go ahead and tell, Annie.

The answer is . . . er, *you* tell them.

We came here because, er . . . er . . . *Vy* did ve come here?

Vy, of course! Anybody vould know the answer to that one!

Yeah, *vy*?

Vell, I guess for the same reason that a climber climbs a mountain . . .

The curiosity to know what's beyond our reach . . .

The thirst for adventure . . .

To set ourself a goal . . .

All that sounds very romantic. But wasn't it sort of expensive?

Vell, that's true. Billions and billions of dollars and rubles.

Wny don't you spend that money for more useful things like better schools and hospitals? Or even better TV programs? Because, frankly, the kind that we've received from you through Telstar actually stink!

Vell, ve'll take samples of the lunar soil and bring it back to our scientists for examination.

Oh, no. Ve must leave now.

You mean that's it? That's your trip? Why don't you stay with us a little longer?

You mean, you spend billions, travel 240,000 *miles* just for the ride?

Vell, you see . . . Space travel has its limitations . . . Ve vould love to stay, but . . . Say, you're not listening!

Is this the superior, intelligent Earth person we have admired? I think we've been wasting our time! Why, these mixed-up creatures don't make sense . . They sound plain stupid!

Vell, it's launch-time again.

I said *launch*, not *lunch*. But if you're hungry, vy don't you help yourself to some of your tubes and pills?

Vat about that tube in your pocket?

Good! I'm starving.

I finished them all up already.

That's not food. That's my toothpaste!

Mmmm . . . Something smells good in here, and it comes from the pail.

It's POPCORN! The Moon is made of POPCORN!

They can eat something else. I LOVE popcorn!

Don't touch it!

Leave it for the scientists!

Don't eat the lunar soil! Here! Take a nice pizza pill! Or how about a delicious lettuce, carrot, cucumber and tomato salad pill? Vith *Russian dressing* yet!

LUNAR SOIL

AS ANNIE AND NIKITA ARE ON THEIR WAY BACK, THE WHOLE WORLD HAILS THE FANTASTIC FEAT . . .

PRESIDENT JOHNSON AND KOSYGIN TO WELCOME MOON HEROES!

RELAXATION IN COLD WAR AS A RESULT OF MOON EXPLORATION!

DIGNITARIES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD TO COME TO NEW YORK FOR TICKER TAPE PARADE!

TICKER TAPE PARADE TO BE BIGGEST IN HISTORY!

CONQUISTA LA LUNA ! ! !

REJSEN TIL MANEN ER BLEVET FORETAJET MED HELD!

Look, Preminger. We won't consider anything under two million! That's Annie's price per movie now, and even at that price she has enough contracts to keep her busy until 1998!

Who is this? Darryl F. Zanuck? Listen, Darryl, I can't talk to you now. I'm leaving to greet Annie. Bye!

CONTRACT

CONTRACT

CONTRACT

I GOT MY JOB... THROUGH The New York Times

Annie, baby, look! Now *this* is what I call a *comeback!* Pretty soon you'll have the Liz Taylors, the Sophia Lorens and Brigitte Bardots in the unemployment lines!

Gee, that's sweet of you, Sammy dolling!

But, you know something? I've changed my mind. Who needs Hollyvood? Who needs movies? You haven't really lived until you're up there in space. There's nothing like it! Right, Nikita? Let's tell 'em, boys!

That's right!

***There's no business like space business,***
***Like no business we know.***
***It's great to search space aboard a rock-et.***
***Just pray that you don't hit a meteorite!***
***First we search in the taxpayers' pock-et,***
***And then we're off on another flight!***

***There's no people like space people,***
***There's nothing that we won't dare.***
***Tho' the goals we set may all be very far,***
***Tho' the money on Earth may soon be very scarce,***
***We'll reach the planets and all the stars.***
***Reached the Moon, it's Venus next, and then to Mars!***
***And why? . . . 'Cause they are there!***

It's just one of those days!

Such a welcome! We were there *first*, and all we got was a couple of bananas!

Hot dogs! Sodas!

SUNG TO THE TUNE OF "THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS!"

*Beautiful Hair*

# B L E C H

## THERE ARE MANY BLECH SHAMPOOS FOR MANY DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS.

No matter what peculiar scalp condition you have, there's a Blech Shampoo for you. One Blech Shampoo is for thick hair. It comes in a heavy, steel bottle with iron smelted down into the liquid. Another is for thin hair. This comes in a long, narrow bottle with the shampoo greatly diluted. Still another is for curly hair. This one comes in a rough and jagged bottle, in which the inside pressure causes the shampoo to swirl about wildly. And there are many other Blech Shampoos on the market—for bleached hair, dirty hair and mohair. There's even a special, invisible shampoo for people with no hair! Select yours today!

FOR THICK HAIR | FOR CURLY HAIR | FOR THIN HAIR | FOR NO HAIR

The different Blech Shampoo bottles are especially designed so that you won't get stuck with the wrong one. (Of course, there's no guarantee that you won't get stuck if you buy the proper shampoo, either!)

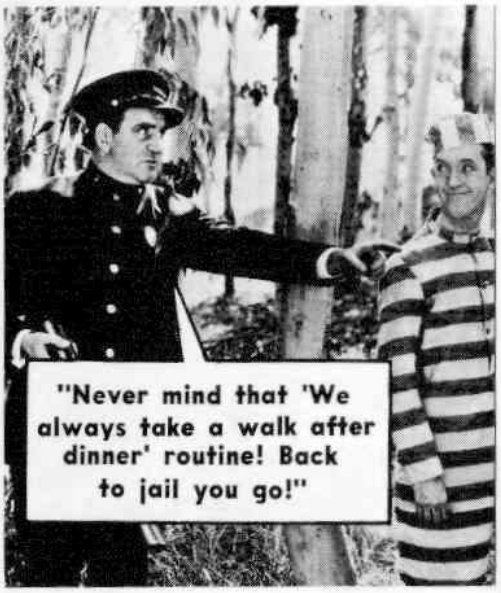
AVAILABLE UNDER-THE-COUNTER AT MISLEADING DRUGSTORES EVERYWHERE!

Copyright 1967 by Hugh Will Blech, Inc.

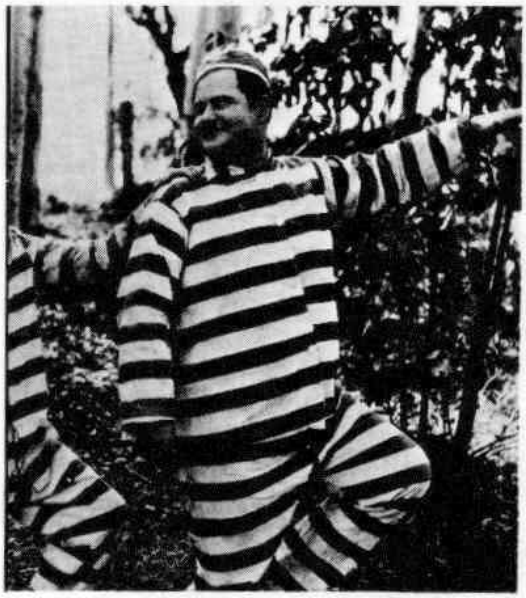
KINGS OF KOMEDY KUT-UPS SECTION:

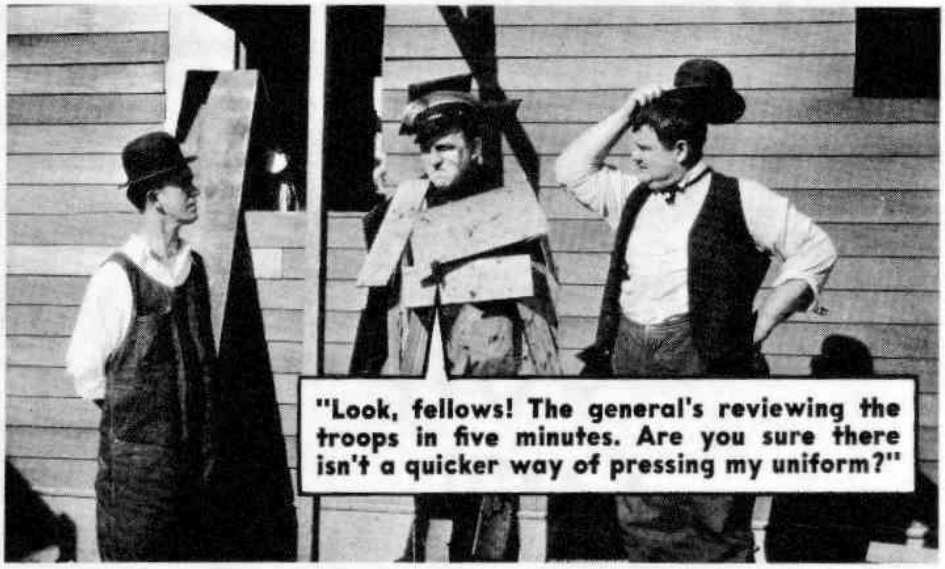
# LAUREL & HARDY

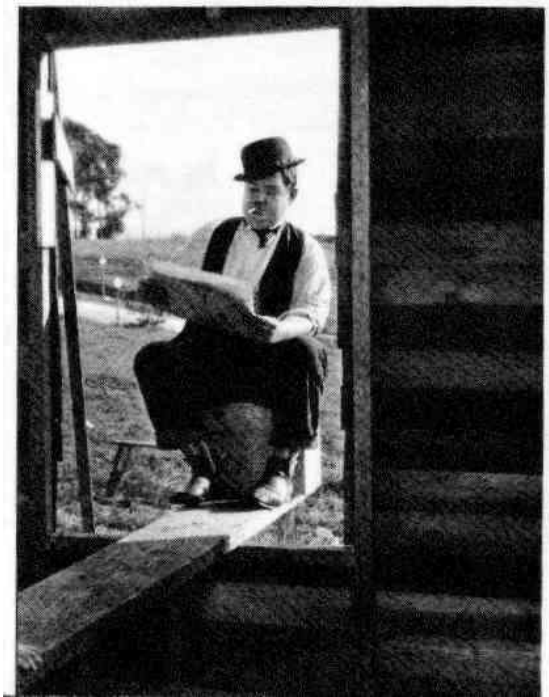
## FUN-O-RAMA



"Stan played horsie with you, and now you wanna play horsie with him? Well, I guess you have a point there!"




"Look, fellows! The general's reviewing the troops in five minutes. Are you sure there isn't a quicker way of pressing my uniform?"

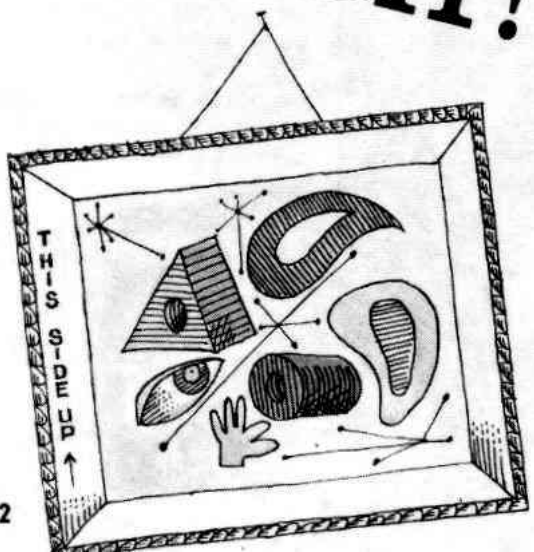


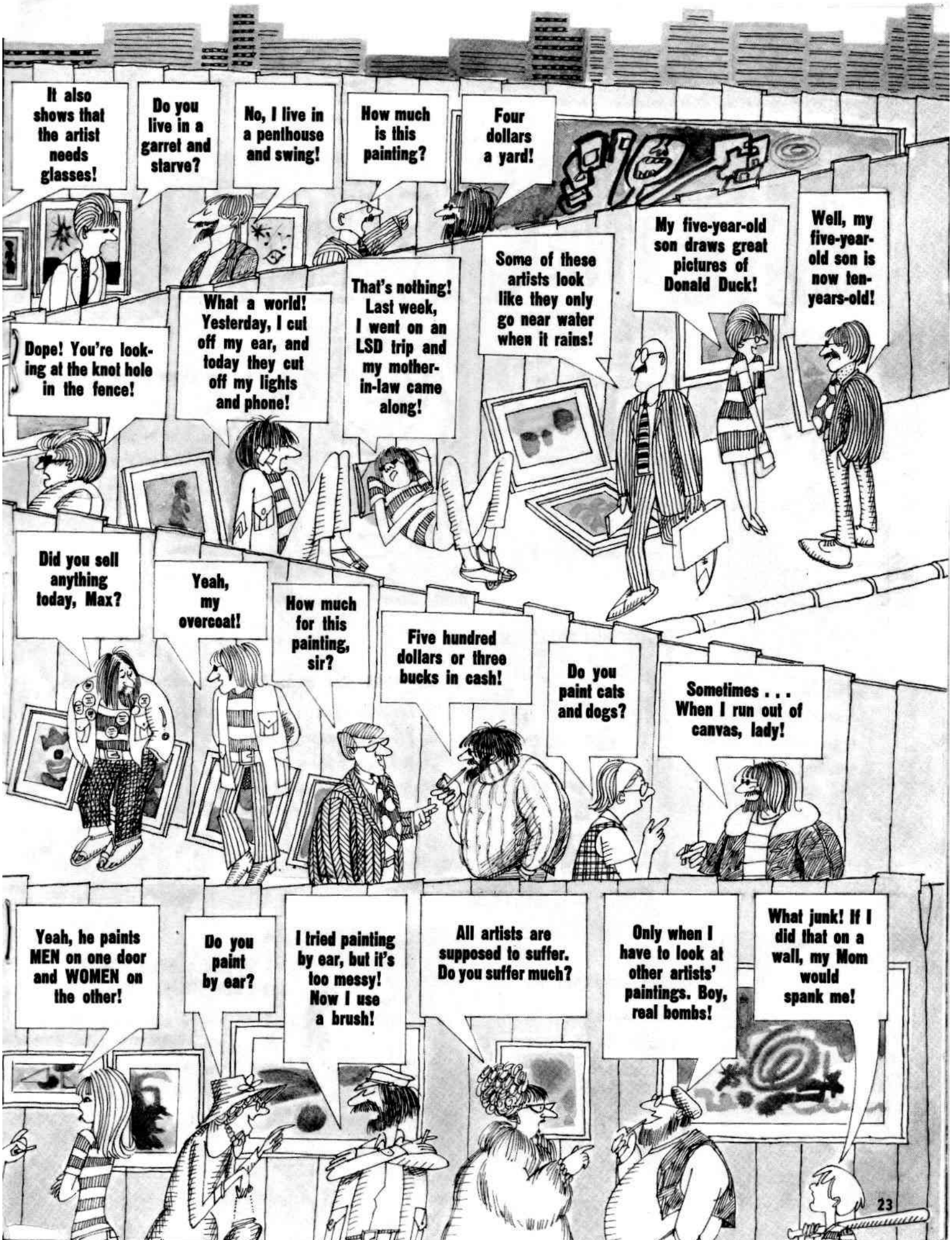
"Perhaps you can help me convince my friend here about the great contribution he'd be making to medical science by simply donating his brain!"

**WHO FRAMED ME? SECTION:**

*Today, all across the United States, millions of people are taking brush and pallet in hand and painting artistic masterpieces. (Or should that be messterpieces?) Some have taken up art for fun and pleasure while others paint to earn a living. And still many more individuals paint because they need something to cover up a hole in the livingroom wall. Come along as . . .*

# CRACKED LOOKS AT AN OUTDOOR ART EXHIBIT!

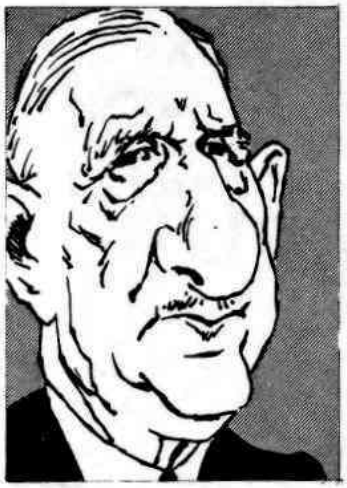



It also shows that the artist needs glasses!
Do you live in a garret and starve?
No, I live in a penthouse and swing!
How much is this painting?
Four dollars a yard!
Dope! You're looking at the knot hole in the fence!
What a world! Yesterday, I cut off my ear, and today they cut off my lights and phone!
That's nothing! Last week, I went on an LSD trip and my mother-in-law came along!
Some of these artists look like they only go near water when it rains!
My five-year-old son draws great pictures of Donald Duck!
Well, my five-year-old son is now ten-years-old!
Did you sell anything today, Max?
Yeah, my overcoat!
How much for this painting, sir?
Five hundred dollars or three bucks in cash!
Do you paint cats and dogs?
Sometimes . . . When I run out of canvas, lady!
Yeah, he paints MEN on one door and WOMEN on the other!
Do you paint by ear?
I tried painting by ear, but it's too messy! Now I use a brush!
All artists are supposed to suffer. Do you suffer much?
Only when I have to look at other artists' paintings. Boy, real bombs!
What junk! If I did that on a wall, my Mom would spank me!

**I.Q. HOT OR NOT SO HOT SECTION:**

**Okay, wise guys! So you think you're pretty smart, eh? Think you know what's happening in this wacky world, huh? Well, you're the eggheads we've been looking for. Pick up your pen or pencil and . . .**

# TAKE THE CRACKED



**GENERAL DE GAULLE IS:**

- ☐ *A French postcard salesman.*
- ☐ *A midget who wears padded socks.*
- ☐ *President of France.*
- ☐ *The guy who sold Brigitte Bardot her first towel.*

**BOBBY KENNEDY WANTS TO BE**

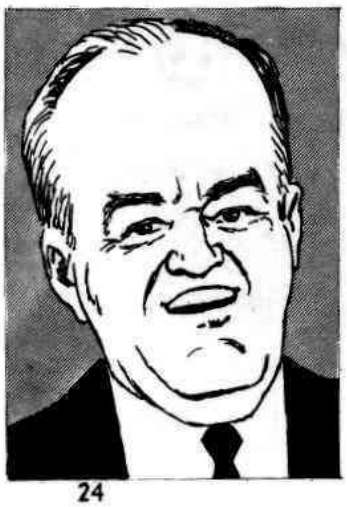
- ☐ *A barber.*
- ☐ *President of the U.S.A.*
- ☐ *President of the world.*
- ☐ *Father of his country.*

**TWIGGY IS:**

- ☐ *A walking disaster area.*
- ☐ *A girl with two backs.*
- ☐ *A toothpick covered with skin.*
- ☐ *A famous model.*

**THE NEW YORK METS ARE:**

- ☐ *From hunger.*
- ☐ *Playing the wrong game.*
- ☐ *A baseball team.*
- ☐ *Nine guys who should pay their way into the park.*



**HUBERT HUMPHREY IS:**

- ☐ *Unemployed.*
- ☐ *Lost in the background.*
- ☐ *A man who has to eat L.B.J.'s barbecued steaks.*
- ☐ *Vice President of the U.S.A.*

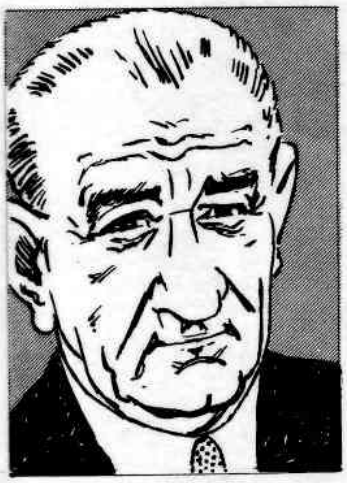
**FIDEL CASTRO WANTS ALL CUBANS TO:**

- ☐ *Go on a 365-day diet.*
- ☐ *Stop throwing darts at his picture.*
- ☐ *Stop throwing bombs at him.*
- ☐ *Work 25 hours a day.*

SCORE YOURSELF:

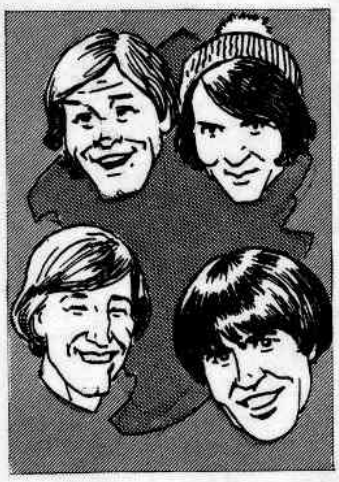
Aw, you all passed! We don't know the answers ourselves, because we haven't been out of the office since 1943!

# CURRENT EVENTS TEST



**PRESIDENT LYNDON B. JOHNSON IS:**

- ☐ *A Texan.*
- ☐ *A rich Texan.*
- ☐ *A bird watcher.*
- ☐ *A charter member of the Bobby Kennedy Fan Club.*



**THE MONKEES ARE:**

- ☐ *Four guys in search of the melody.*
- ☐ *Four guys in search of a bank to buy.*
- ☐ *Tone deaf.*
- ☐ *A musical group.*

**DEAN MARTIN HAS HIS OWN:**

- ☐ *Sleep-in bartender.*
- ☐ *Pink elephant.*
- ☐ *Ice cube factory.*
- ☐ *TV show.*

**THE PLACE WHERE YOU CAN FIND MOST BEATNIKS IS:**

- ☐ *Under rocks.*
- ☐ *In the woodwork.*
- ☐ *High on a windy hill.*
- ☐ *Greenwich Village in N.Y.C.*

**RED CHINA WANTS TO BE ADMITTED TO:**

- ☐ *Disneyland.*
- ☐ *A Charlie Chan motion picture preview.*
- ☐ *A Chinese restaurant opening.*
- ☐ *The United Nations.*

**LADY BIRD JOHNSON WANTS US TO HELP:**

- ☐ *Keep Texas clean.*
- ☐ *Keep Flipper clean.*
- ☐ *Keep her husband President.*
- ☐ *Keep America beautiful.*

CRACKED QUIZ:

# ARE YOU AN OPTIMIST

*If the world should come to an end tomorrow, would you just sit around and mope and not try to do anything about it?* YES( ) NO( )

*Would you give up all hope and planning for the future simply because they started dropping H-Bombs in your neighborhood?* YES( ) NO( )

*Just because your best friend shoots you in the back, are you quick to lose all your faith in human nature?* YES( ) NO( )

*If your doctor said you had only 30 days to live, would you be unable to adapt yourself to a new way of life?* YES( ) NO( )

# OR A PESSIMIST?

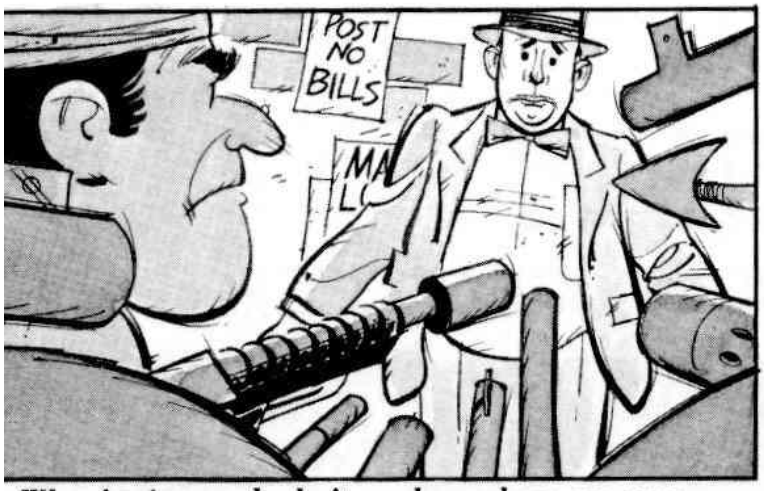
## TAKE THIS TEST AND SCORE YOURSELF!

*In the subway, when you see a gang of 20 teenagers knifing the guy next to you, do you just stand there, not doing anything?* YES( ) NO( )

*One day you oversleep, get up feeling miserable and find it's raining. Do you use this as an excuse not to go out and face the world?* YES( ) NO( )

*You look up and see another driver coming at you on a one-lane highway. Do you panic right away and start jamming your brake?* YES( ) NO( )

*Day after day, you read about murders, war and bombs. Does this make you feel that maybe life isn't worth living after all?* YES( ) NO( )

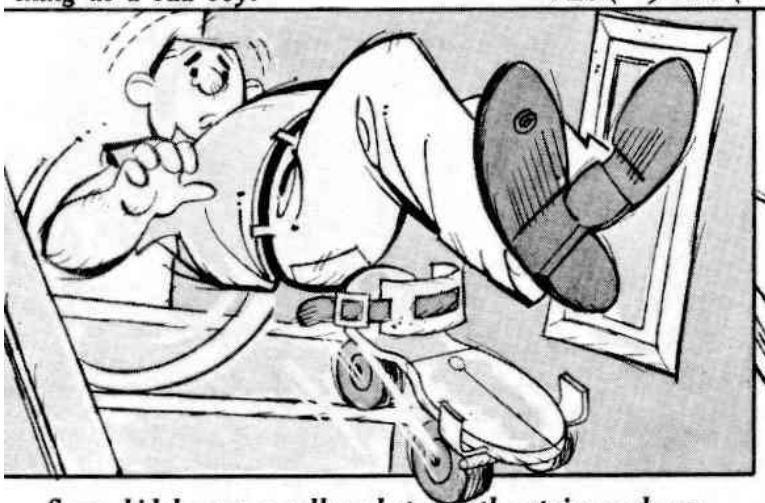



*When foreigners who don't speak your language come at you with loaded guns, do you give up without trying to communicate with them?* YES( ) NO( )

*If you suddenly came down with leprosy, would you refuse to go out and mingle in society just because of your appearance?* YES( ) NO( )

*A young punk mugs you and send you to the hospital for six months. Do you change your mind that there's no such thing as a bad boy?* YES( ) NO( )

*You lose your job, friends, family and all your mone Would you feel like chucking it all and not starti all over again?* YES( ) NO(



*Some kid leaves a roller skate on the stairs and you come toppling down. Would a little thing like that affect your outward disposition?* YES( ) NO( )

*Tell the truth! When you first saw the title of this article, did you really believe it was going to be a funny test?* YES( ) NO( )

If you answered all of these questions "NO," you're a devout optimist. Even though you may get hit by a truck tomorrow, you'll keep your sense of humor. Lots of luck and stay that way! If you answered all of these questions "YES," you're a devout pessimist. You might as well give up on living, inasmuch as you have no sense of humor at all. Take a one-way trip someplace! If you didn't even bother to answer ANY of these questions, you're a devout coward. Either that, or you're a little sick in the head—because why are you looking to see how you scored?

REAL AD

# CRACKED FUN SHOPPE
## BARGAIN MERCHANDISE

**SPOOK HAND!**
**$2.00 Ea.**

Natural-looking rubber hand. A startling, eerie effect!

**MELTED ICE CREAM**
**$1.00 Ea.**

Ooey-Gooey! The perfect practical joke in heavy plastic!

**FAKE FAUCET**
**$2.00 Ea.**

"Water on the brain?" That's what friends will ask when they see this real-looking chrome faucet attached to your forehead. Get big laughs attaching it to your desk, a fireplace log, chair, etc.

**NUTTY CATSUP BOTTLE**

Only **$1.25** per bottle!

Press the soft, plastic catsup bottle, and out shoots what looks like the real McCoy! Trick is that a catsup-colored string is ejected as you press the bottle. Great fun! Easily reloaded for wacky squirts.

**VENUS FLY TRAP**

**$1.25 FOR THE WORLD'S MOST TERRIFYING HOUSE PLANT!**

This plant actually eats bits of meat, flies and insects! No work! Easy to grow! The Venus Fly Trap bulbs grow especially well in the home. Plants thrive in glass containers and will develop in 3 to 4 weeks. Each order includes 3 Fly Traps plus extra special material packed in plastic bag. ONLY $1.25. FEED IT RAW BEEF! AMAZING is the word for this startling, surprising plant.

**CRACKED FUN SHOPPE**
108 South Franklin Avenue
Valley Stream, L.I., N.Y. 11580

I enclose $.....for:

.....Spook Hand .....Melted Ice Cream
.....Nutty Catsup .....Fake Faucet
.....Venus Fly Trap

Name.....
Address.....
City.....
State..... Zip.....

# HORROR HOUSE!

**$3.00 Ea.**
**FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER MASK.** All Rubber.
Be the "Death of the Party."

**WEREWOLF MASK.** **$3.00 Ea.**
Gruesome to Behold.

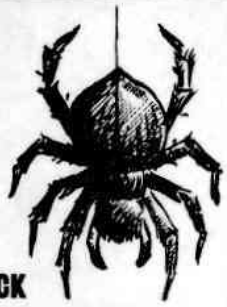
**SHRUNKEN HEAD**
**$2.00 Ea.**

Looks absolutely real. Tell your friends you picked it up on your last safari. A real scream!

**HORRIBLE HANDS.**
**Only $3.00 per Pair.**

**FRANTIC FEET.**
**Only $3.00 per Pair.**

**RAT IN THE BOX.**
**Only $1.00 Ea.**



**BLACK WIDOW SPIDER.**
**$1.00 Ea.**
A real horror, but great fun.

**HORROR HOUSE**
108 South Franklin Avenue
Valley Stream, L.I., N.Y. 11580

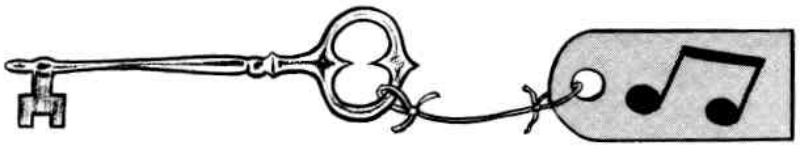
I enclose $.....for:

- ☐ BLACK WIDOW SPIDER
- ☐ HORRIBLE HANDS
- ☐ SHRUNKEN HEAD
- ☐ RAT IN BOX
- ☐ FRANTIC FEET
- ☐ MONSTER-FROM MERCURY

ALL RUBBER MASKS $3.00 each.

- ☐ MAN-FROM-MARS
- ☐ VAMPIRE
- ☐ HORRIBLE-MONSTER
- ☐ SKULL
- ☐ GORILLA
- ☐ WEREWOLF
- ☐ DEVIL
- ☐ FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER
- ☐ ZOMBIE
- ☐ WITCH

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State..... Zip.....



A couple of Europeans have recently invented the ONDILINE, a musical-type instrument that helps induce sleep. Music from this instrument stimulates certain hormone secretions in the body which, in turn, affect the areas of the brain that control the ability to relax. CRACKED sees unlimited possibilities in . . .

# MUSICAL STRAINS FOR BRAINS

McCARTNEY

**FOR EXAMPLE, THE TRANQUILIZING EFFECT OF THE ONDILINE CAN BE PUT TO USE IN . . .**

**Marriage Bureaus . . .**
to prevent last minute chickening out.

**Hospitals . . .**
for presenting medical bills to patients.

**Beatle Concerts . . .**
for controlling the hysteria of Beatle fans.

IF MUSIC CAN CONTROL THE TRANQUILIZING AREAS OF THE BRAIN, THERE IS NO REASON WHY IT EVENTUALLY CAN'T BE MADE TO CONTROL OTHER EMOTIONAL AREAS OF THE BRAIN . . .

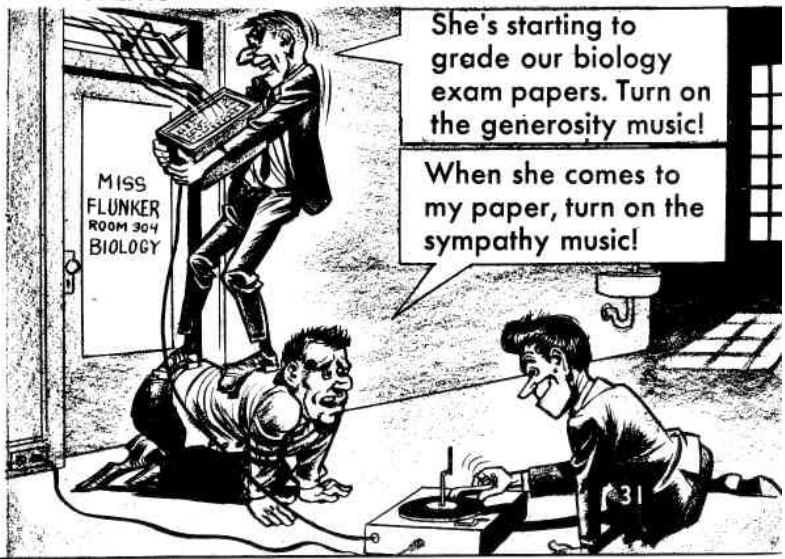
**WALL STREET BROKERS**

**THE BUREAU OF INTERNAL REVENUE**

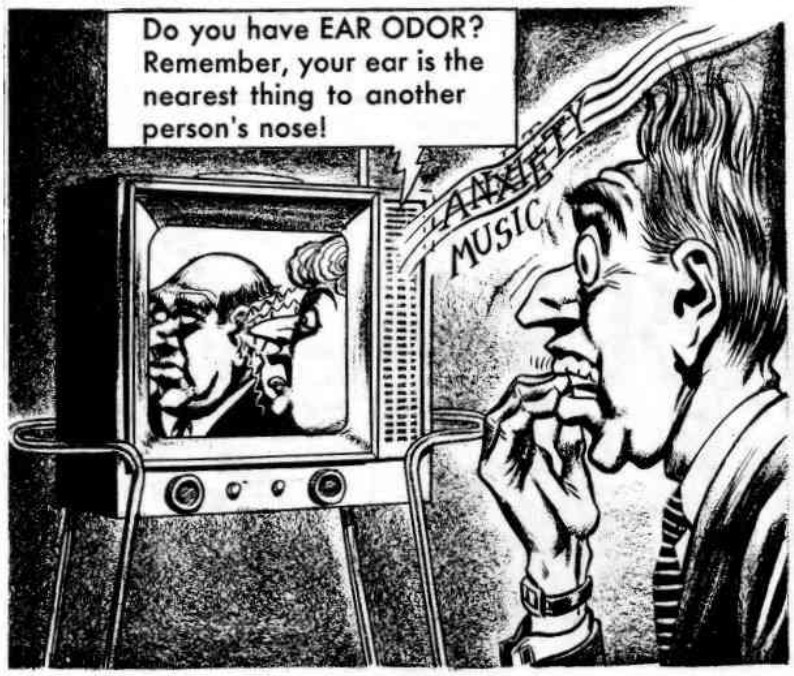
**POLITICIANS AND SUNDRY CON-MEN**

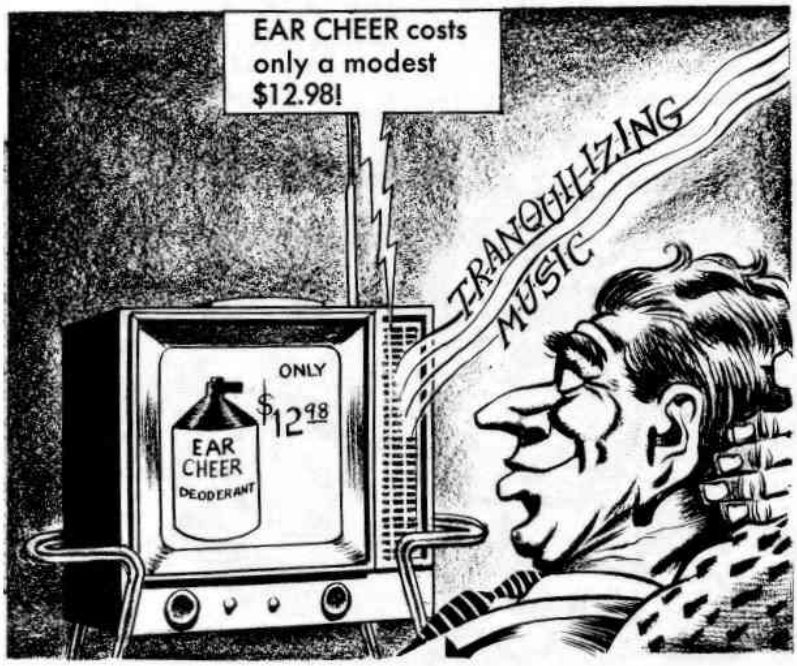
**SUPERMARKETS**

**STUDENTS**



ULTIMATELY, MADISON AVENUE FIGURES TO MAKE THE MOST DIABOLICAL USE OF BRAIN STRAIN MUSIC . . .





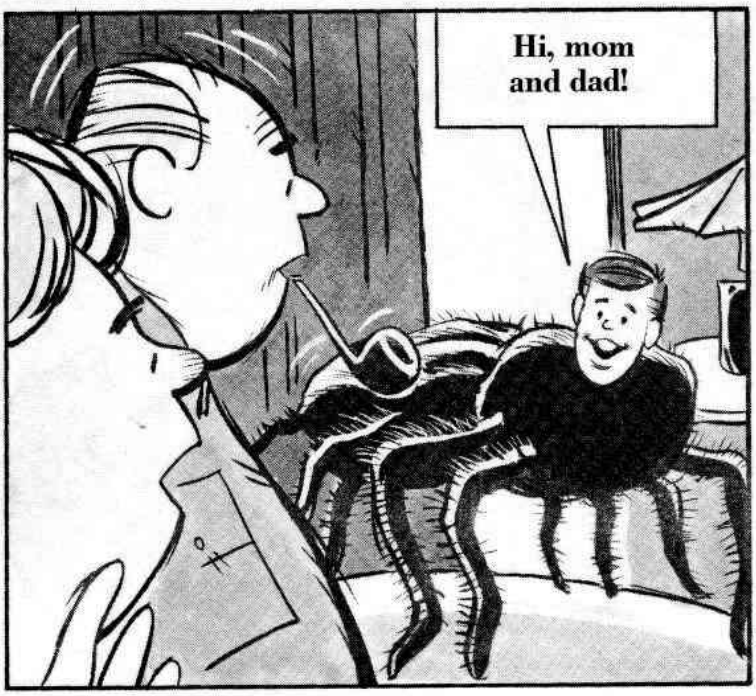
AND WHY NOT . . .

**LAUGHTER-INDUCING RECORDS SOLD WITH EACH COPY OF *CRACKED!***

**INSTRUCTIONS: PLAY RECORD WHILE READING MAGAZINE. UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER GUARANTEED!**

MIXING UP THE LAUGHS SECTION:

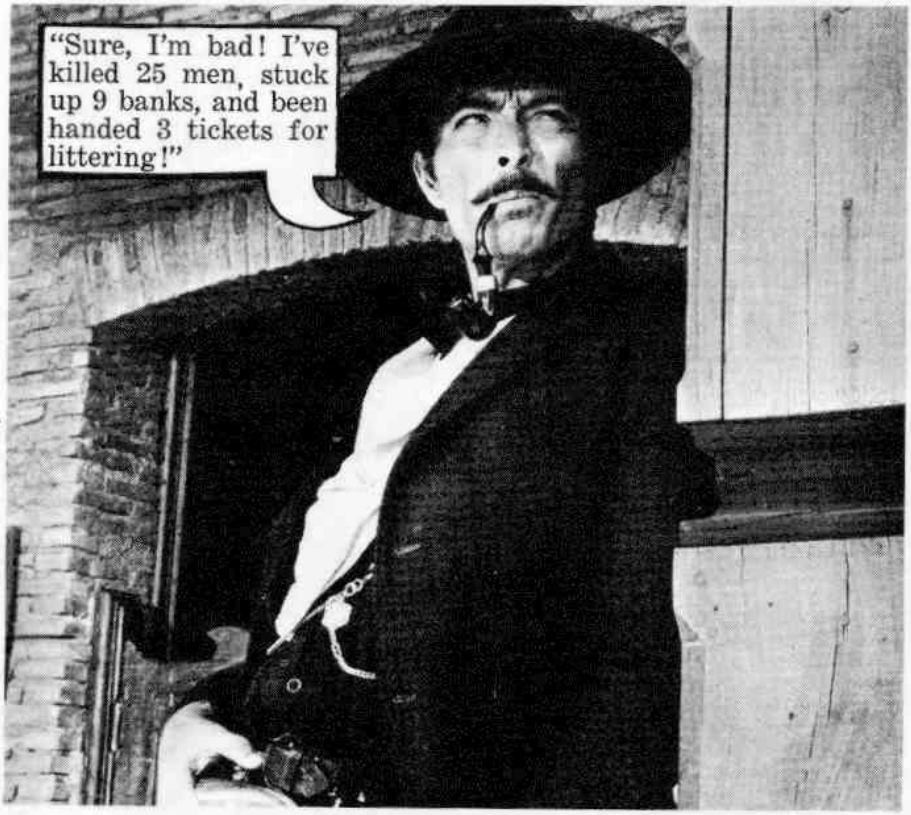
# THE BIRTHDAY GIFT!



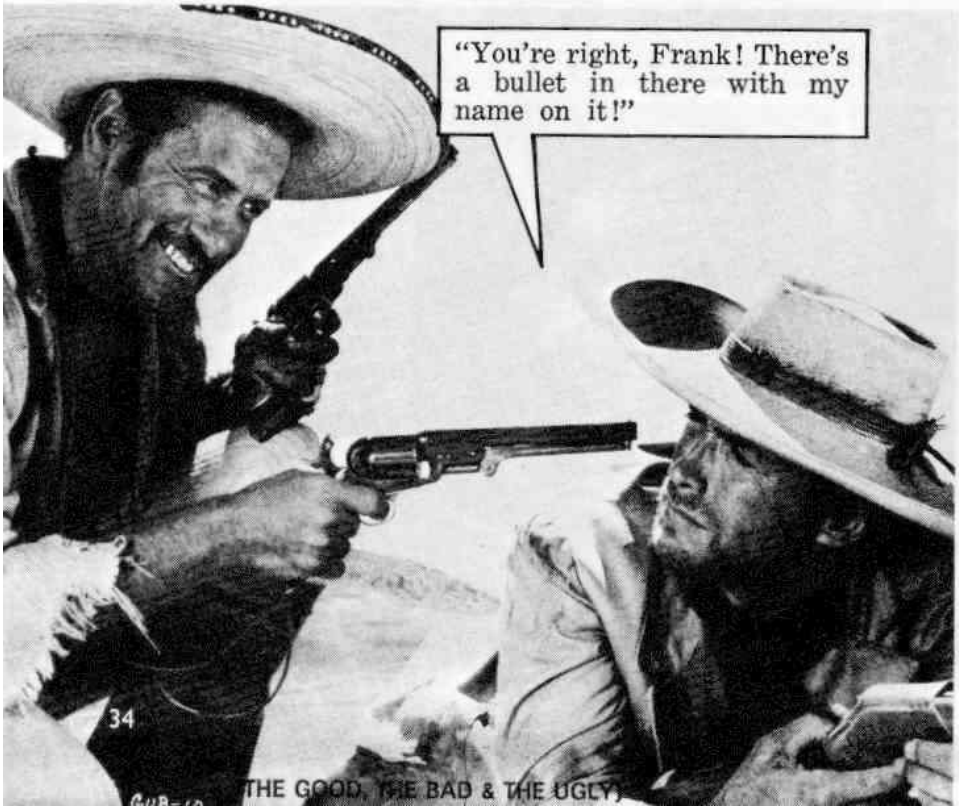
HEADING FOR THE LAUGH ROUND-UP SECTION:

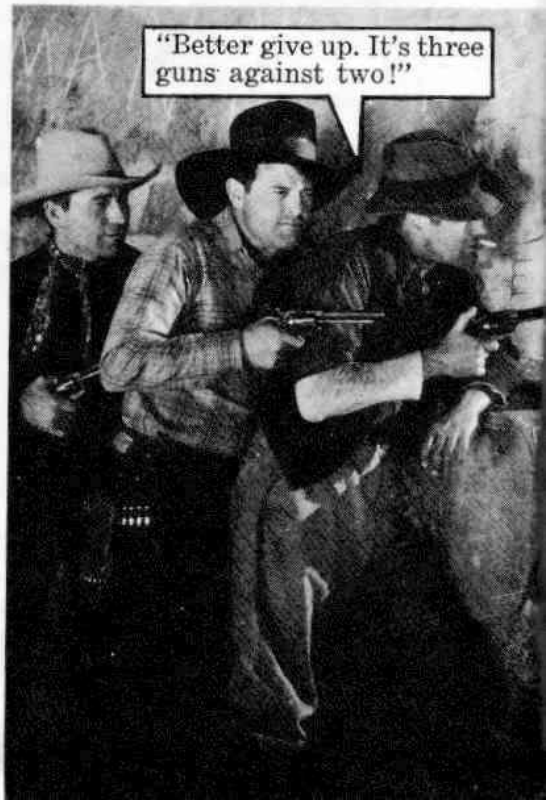
# CRACKED RIDES WEST!

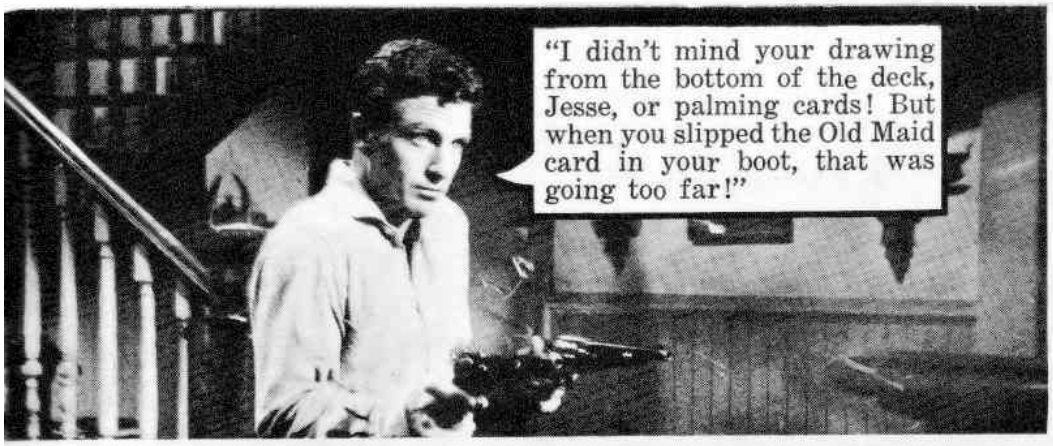
When it comes to action, thrills and plenty of good, old gunfighting, you just can't beat a cowboy movie. These motion pictures have everything: Indian raids, cattle stampedes, barroom fights, guys looking for gold, and girls looking for guys who found the gold! Come on, pardners! Let's hit the trail as . . .



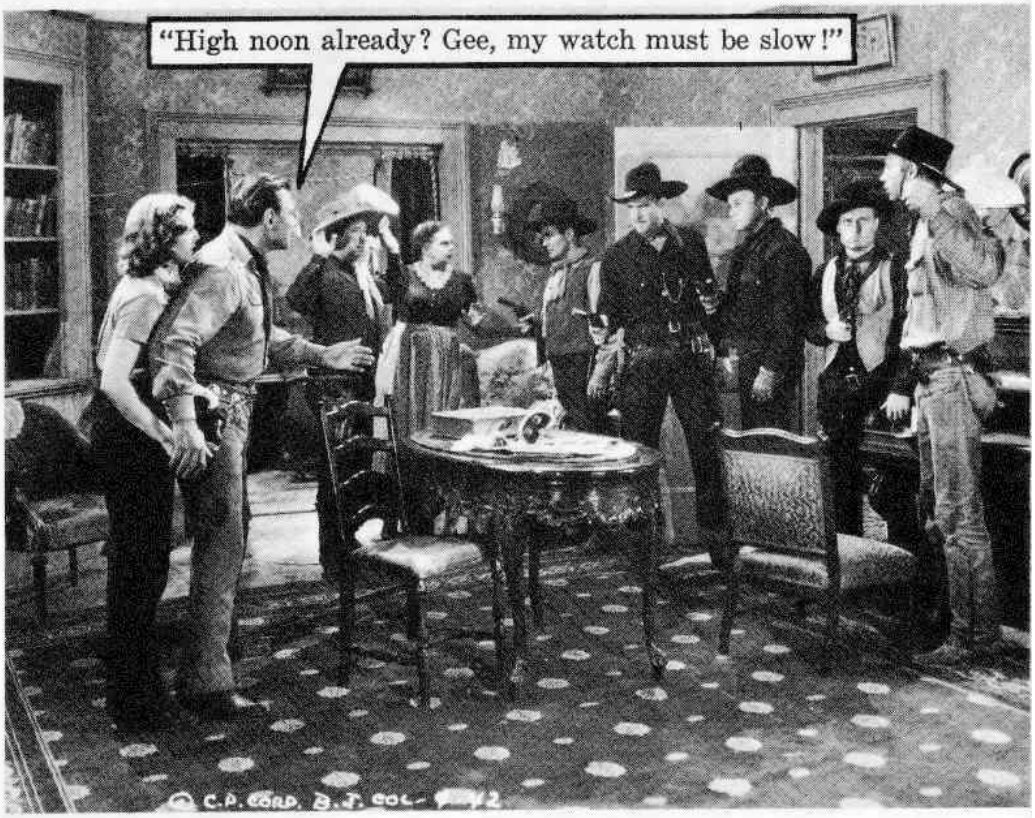

(THE GOOD, THE BAD & THE UGLY)



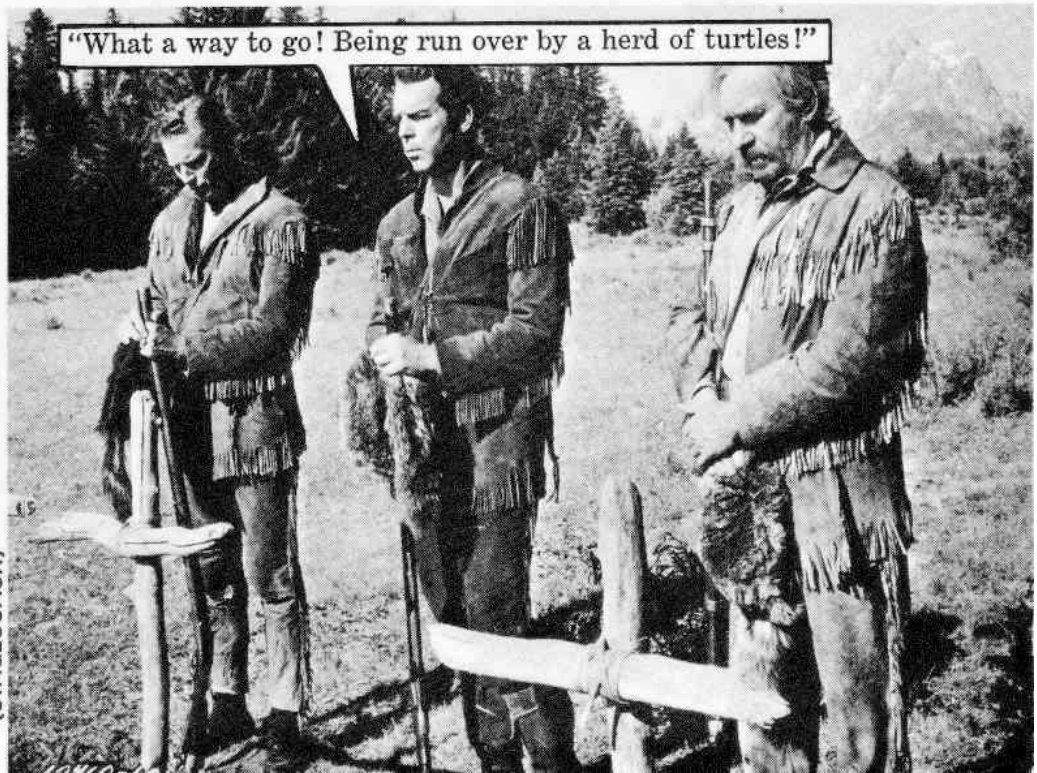




"I didn't mind your drawing from the bottom of the deck, Jesse, or palming cards! But when you slipped the Old Maid card in your boot, that was going too far!"

That's something you don't see nowadays. A doctor who makes house calls!"
(STAGECOACH)


"High noon already? Gee, my watch must be slow!"

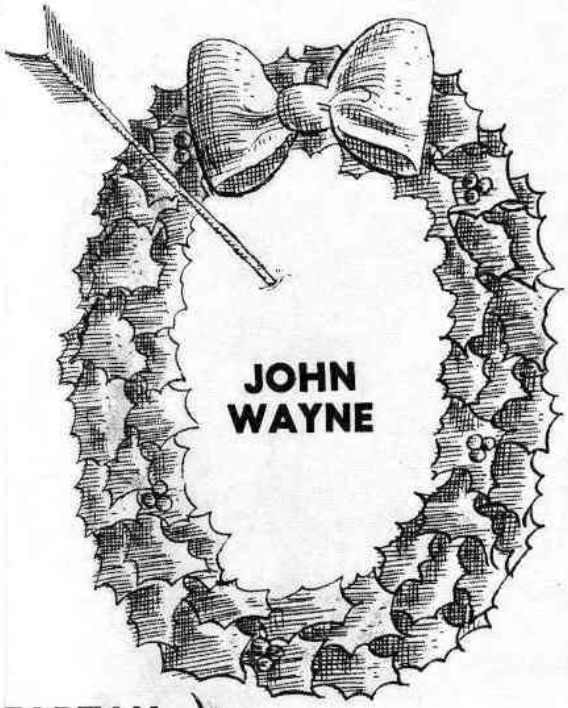
"True, but we have bullets in ours!"


"What a way to go! Being run over by a herd of turtles!"
(STAGECOACH)

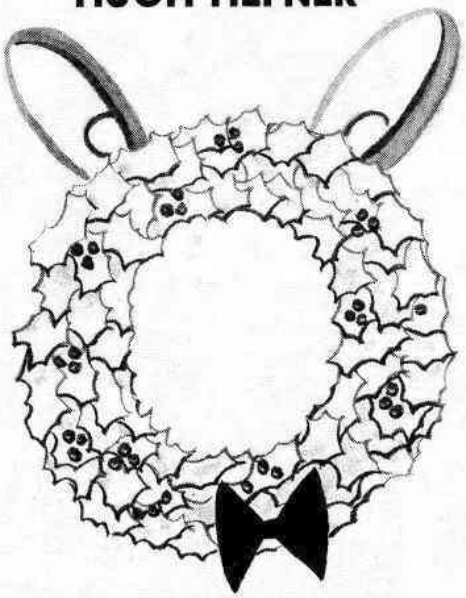
**COOL YULE SECTION:**

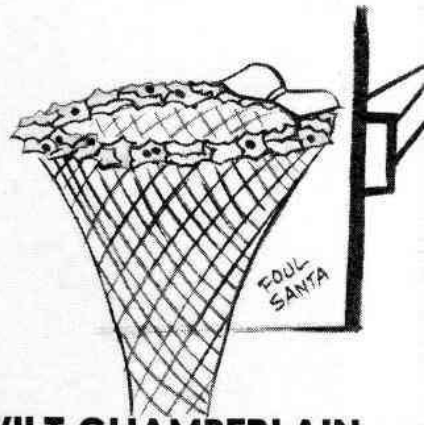
**What better way is there for the elite to acknowledge their individuality at Christmas time than with these CRACKED . . .**

# CELEBRITY




**HUGH HEFNER**

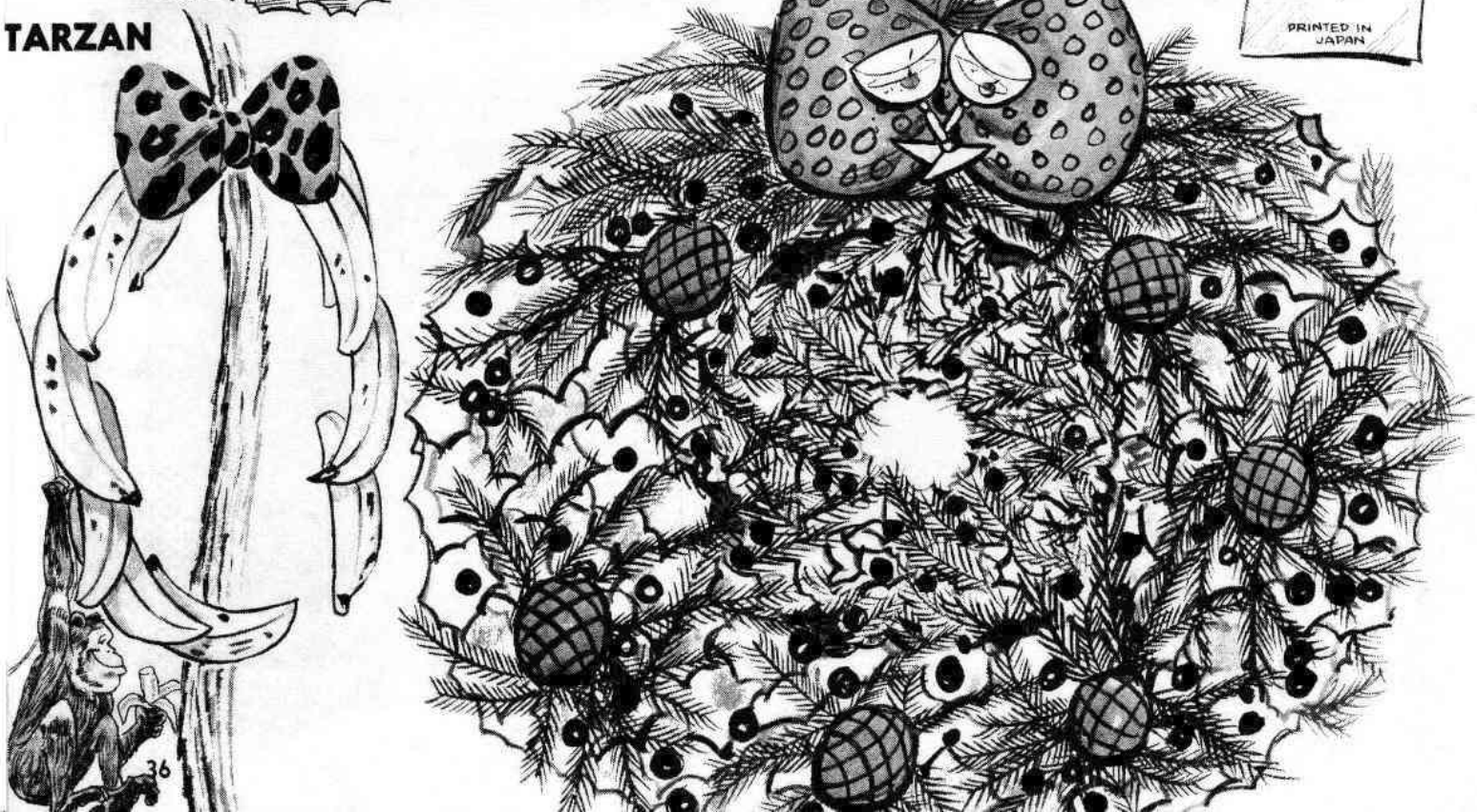


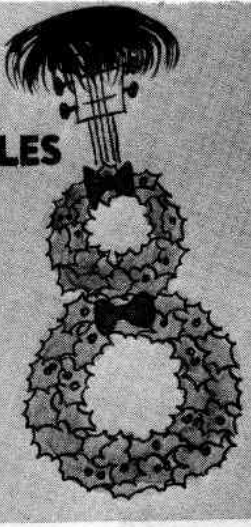

**WILT CHAMBERLAIN**

**JACK BENNY**

**TARZAN**



# CHRISTMAS WREATHS

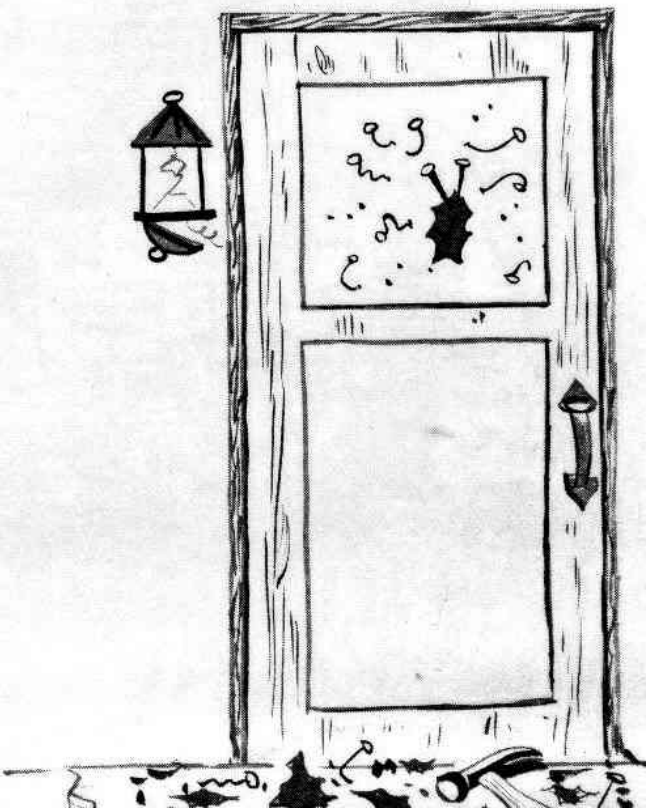



PICASSO

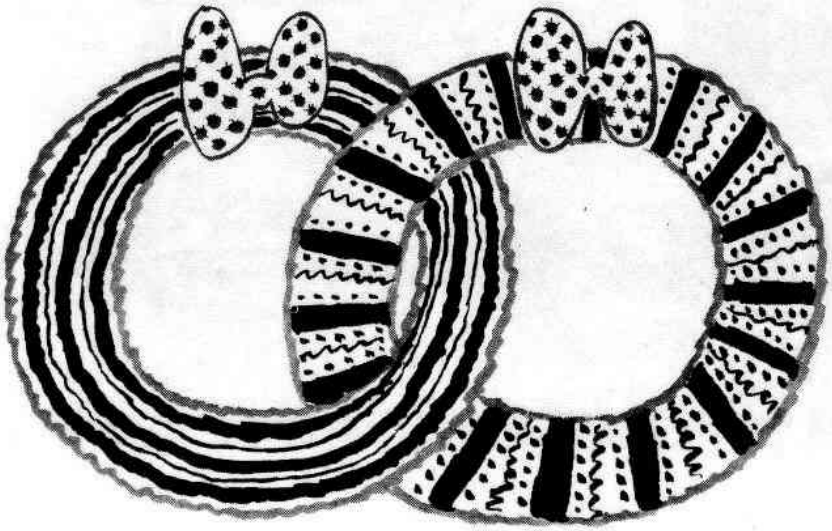
BATMAN & ROBIN

TWIGGY

SYLVESTER P. SMYTHE



SONNY & CHER



**Grandfather probably still remembers when pro football was a simple game that required no more mental concentration than it took to complete a two-piece jigsaw puzzle or to read a copy of Readers Digest. But times have changed. Today, pro football has adopted all the involved strategy of modern-day warfare. What's more, the game gives every indication of becoming even more complicated. CRACKED gives its readers an insight into the sport's future with this article on . . .**

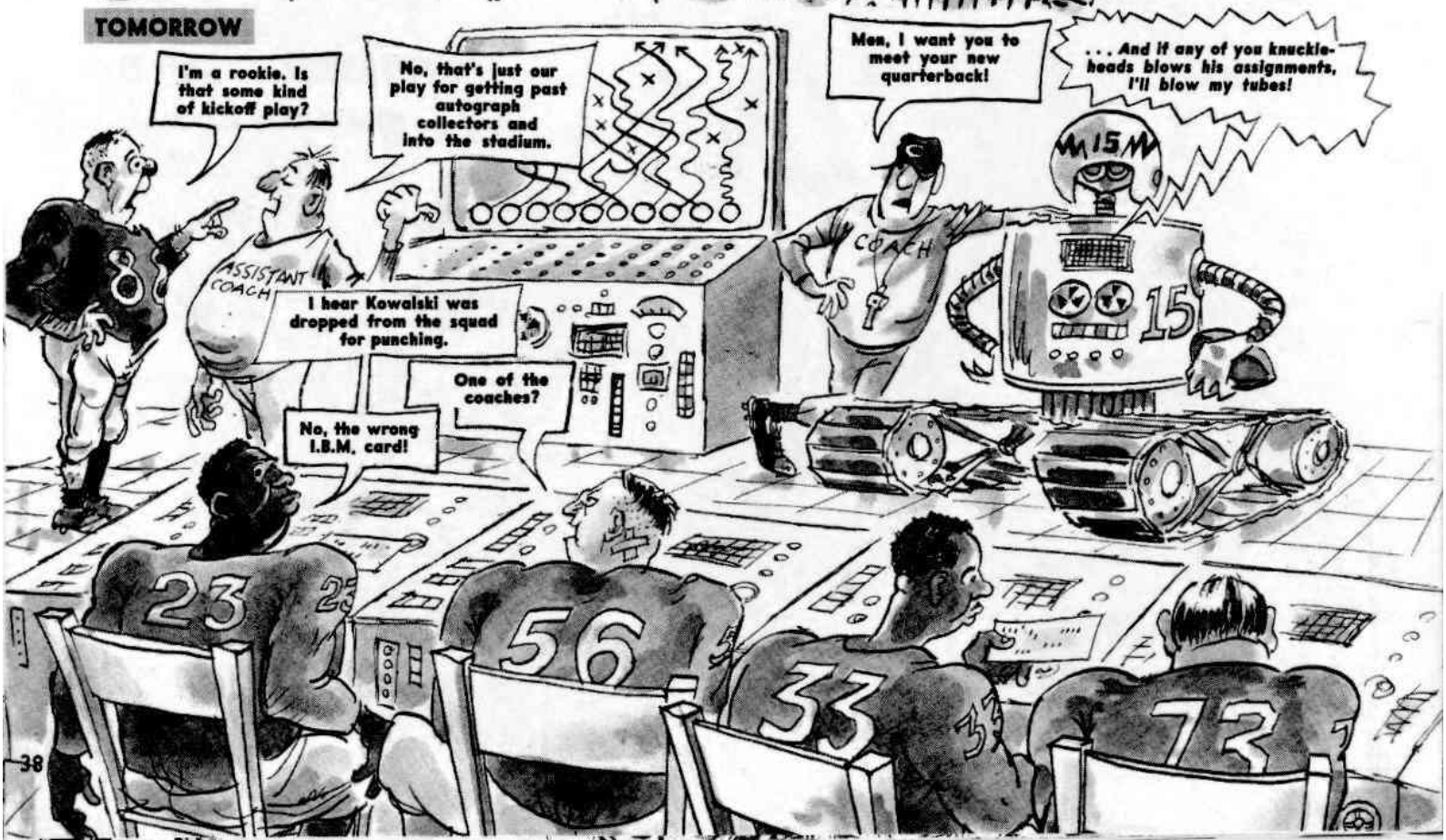
## YESTERDAY

Plays were very simple. Everybody got in front of the ball carrier and formed a flying wedge.

## TODAY

Plays are so complicated that a quarterback virtually has to be an M.I.T. graduate to execute them.

## TOMORROW



# THE GROWING COMPLEXITY OF PRO FOOTBALL

**YESTERDAY**

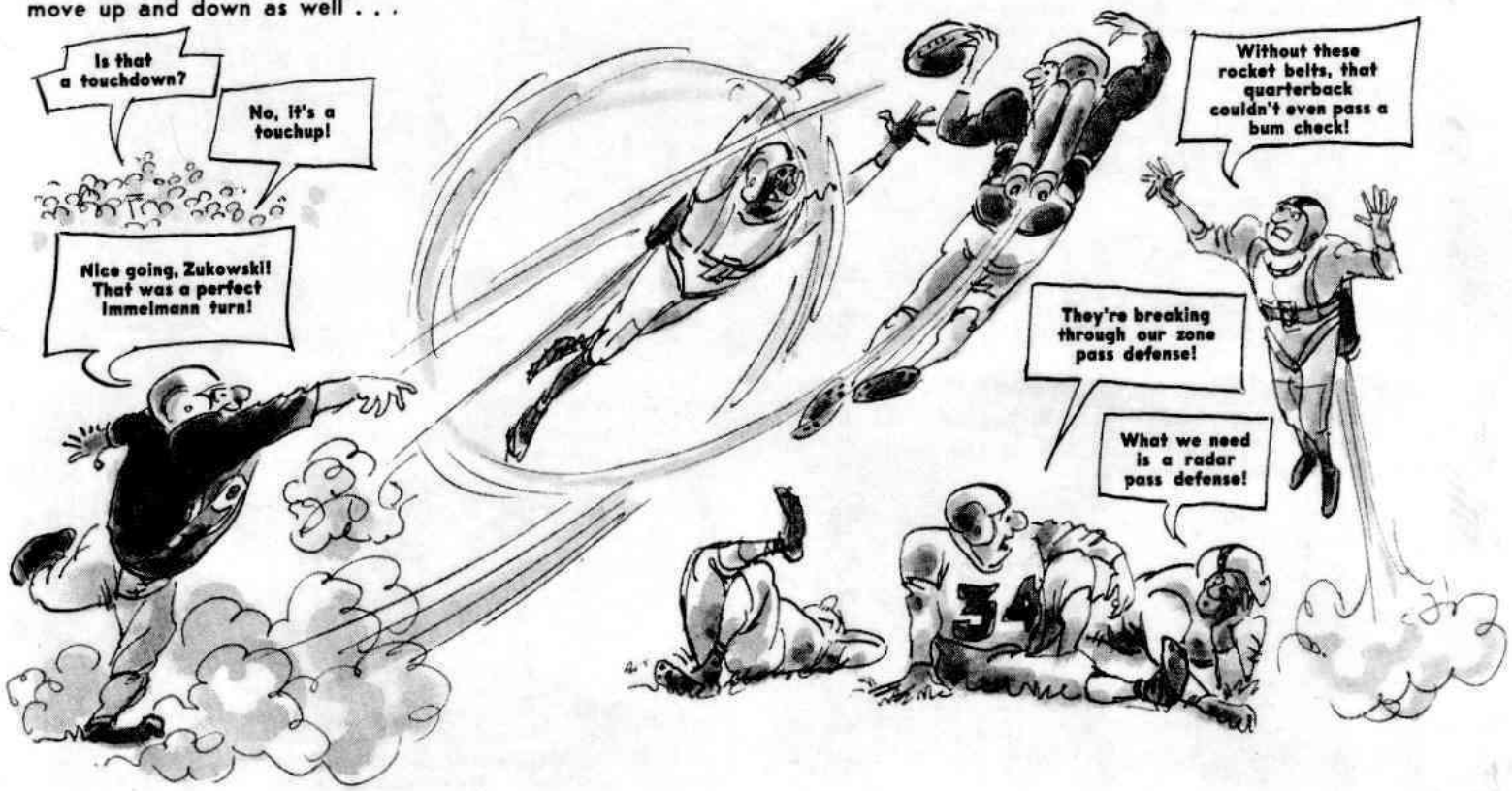
A pass receiver merely went downfield in an effort to outrun his opponent.

**TODAY**

A pass receiver has more moves than an Egyptian belly dancer.

**TOMORROW**

With the aid of James Bond-type rocket belts, pass receivers and defenders will be able to move up and down as well . . .



**YESTERDAY**

A player got a simple rubdown for his aches and bruises.

**TODAY**

Injured players have at their disposal whirlpool baths, diathermy machines, ultra-sonic sound machines, and a thousand and one other gadgets and miracle drugs.

TOMORROW

A football field will resemble a field hospital.

**YESTERDAY**

Fans could occupy themselves with a number of things and still follow the game on radio.

**TODAY**

Fans must constantly stay glued to the TV set for fear of missing a chalk talk, instant replay or isolated camera shot.

TOMORROW

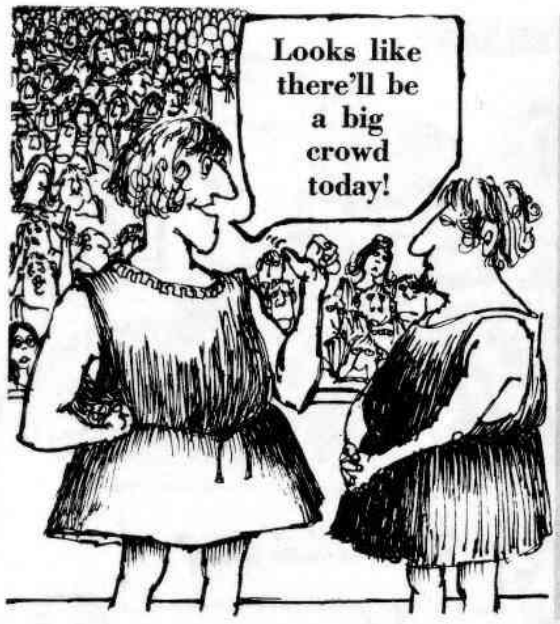
Fans will watch the game on special, multi-screen sets designed exclusively for pro football.

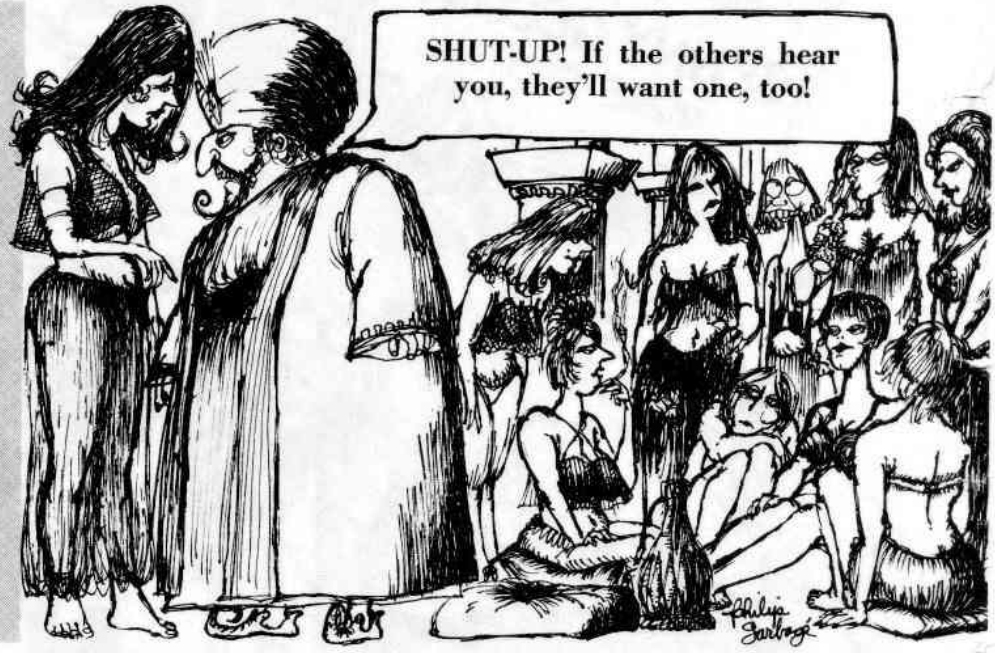
**There's one consolation for male followers of the sport. If they're having trouble following the intricacies of pro football, female fans must be having the problem in spades. To show you what we mean, below are some . . .**

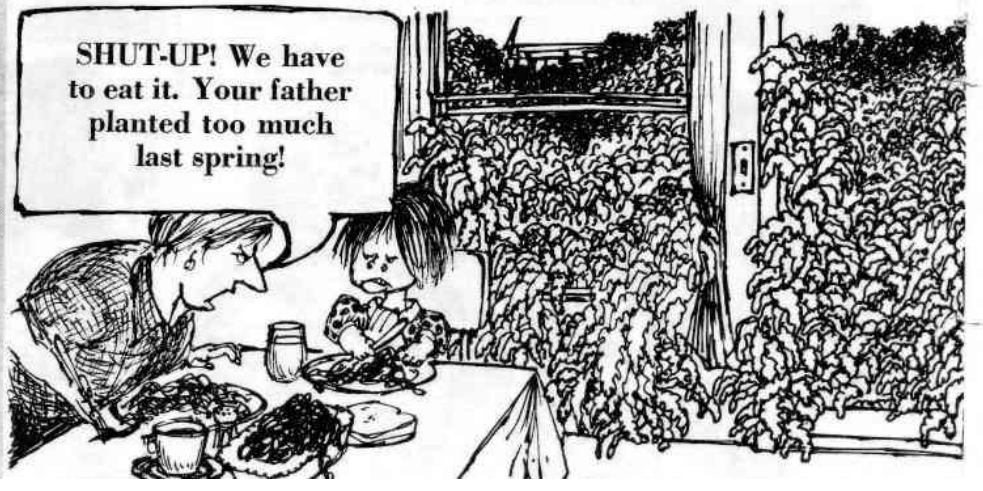
FEMALE CONCEPTIONS OF PRO FOOTBALL

BALK AT TALK SECTION:

# SHUT-UPS!







"Let this be a lesson to you, Jesse. When you see a KEEP OFF THE GRASS sign, you'd better obey it!"
GUB-9
(THE GOOD, THE BAD & THE UGLY)

# FREE! BUMPER STICKER BONUS! FREE!

**Here's a wild one! Cut out on the dotted line and paste on the bumper of a friend or enemy. Do it now!**

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE.

# THIS IS AN UNMARKED GARBAGE TRUCK